

The **BULLETIN**

OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



VOLUME XXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1952

Number 2

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOUNDED 1896 INCORPORATED 1914

FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

AUDUBON HOUSE, 155 Newbury Street, Boston.

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BULLETIN

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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The Editor solicits the gift of articles, notes, photographs, and sketches, on the various aspects of Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation of Natural Resources. If possible, articles should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper. Photographs should be on glossy paper with data attached. The Society is a non-profit educational institution and we offer no remuneration for contributions to the *Bulletin*. The Society assumes no responsibility for the safety of manuscripts or illustrations submitted for its use.

All correspondence, changes of address, etc., should be directed to the Editorial Office, 155 Newbury Street, Boston 16.

VOLUME XXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1952

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CONTENTS

	Page
The President's Page	50
Winter Birding in Montana	Kathleen S. Anderson 51
Nature's Calendar — February	Richard Headstrom 56
1952 Audubon Lectures	58
Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors	60
From the Editors' Sanctum	62
Are You Enjoying Your Membership? (Membership Notes)	63
Come Spring (Verse)	Lawrence B. Romaine 64
Writings in the Snow	Wesley T. Perkins 65
Christmas Bird Counts Break Records	66
More Random Notes from the Field	Dorothy E. Snyder 28
Gleanings from Our Educational Work	69
Notes from Our Sanctuaries	72
Reviews of Recent Acquisitions	79, 80, 81
From Our Correspondence	82, 83
Field Notes	86, 87, 88

Cover Illustration, KIRTLAND'S WARBLER, Edward M. Brigham, Jr.

The President's Page



On the Conservation Front some important advances are to be noted during the past year, and more may be expected in the present year. The importance of taking heed that we have a forest carpet for our springs and intelligent practices of grazing for our grasslands is seeping into the public consciousness through the exertions of the governmental departments, which have at last become conscious of the danger of our Dust Bowl land and flooding and silting rivers through the eloquent expositions of men like William Vogt in *Road to Survival*, Fairfield Osborn in *Our Plundered Planet*, and Louis Bromfield in *Malabar Farm*.

Our system of national parks and national forests we can now take pride in, but not our system of State parks, which are few and far between. There should be more beaches and other recreation areas open to all the public, and there is no reason why these should not be self-sustaining. The Trustees of Public Reservations have given an example of a fine beach intelligently managed at Ipswich, in marked contrast to the State-controlled beach at Salisbury on the other side of the Merrimac. This example of "the better mousetrap" proves that the public prefers quiet and decency to noise and side shows. Crane's Beach draws bathers from fifty miles distant and its habitués return again and again, delighting in the order maintained without severity.

Robert Walcott

Winter Birding in Montana

BY KATHLEEN S. ANDERSON



A. M. BAILEY AND R. J. NIEDRACH
Sharp-tailed Grouse

Peterson's Eastern and Western Field Guides and *The Distributional List of the Birds of Montana*, by Aretas A. Saunders, and firmly decided to keep detailed notes of all we saw while we lived in the West.

Now we are back in Massachusetts, and I find that all the note-taking, sandwiched in between housekeeping and baby-tending, has paid dividends not anticipated. When the restless feeling returns during dull gray winter days, out come my notebooks to recall memories of a back yard flock of Rosy Finches, noisy bands of Piñon Jays roaming the rimrocks and foothills, and huge flocks of ducks winging their way up and down rivers with names that hold magic for me — the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Musselshell.

Winter came on slowly that fall of 1948. October was warm for Montana, with only one snow flurry. We were living in Poplar, in northeast Montana, a tiny town beside the Missouri River, the Agency for the Fort Peck Indian Reservation. From our second-floor apartment I could look across the Missouri to the prairie and badlands that stretched endlessly southward. The cottonwoods were golden along the muddy riverbanks, and day after day the sky was clear and a brilliant blue. My husband came home with reports of large flocks of Canada and White-fronted Geese flying south along the RY (Regina to Yellowstone) Trail. Most of the flocks numbered between fifty and a hundred birds, and sometimes there were three or more flocks in sight at one time. The RY Trail crosses open prairie, with no obstruction to the view for miles in any direction. The vast expanse of sky made it difficult to locate the V-shaped flights whose honking could be heard long before the birds could be found. That haunting *HONK-HONK* could be heard throughout most of the day and often at night as they winged tirelessly southward.

November brought colder weather and some short-lived snows. The fall migrants had departed when the first picture-book snow lured us onto the rough Indian road that led through the cottonwood groves lining the course of the Missouri. There in the tops of some leafless trees we found two American Rough-legged Hawks, vanguards of the large numbers we saw throughout

Even the most enthusiastic birder can become a bit restless when stormy winter days curtail both walks and longer trips afield, and the home feeding station provides no rarities. There's a longing for a change of scene — a completely new region where every bird could be a new find for the Life List.

I had my chance in 1948 when my husband's engineering career took us to Montana for a year. I had read that ornithologists, professional or amateur, are few and far between in Montana and many large areas in the State remain little known. I armed myself with

Montana that winter. Scarcely a trip was taken from December through March without seeing at least one Rough-leg, and often more. Usually they perched motionless in the tops of tall cottonwoods, but sometimes they were close to the highway on fence posts or power line poles or cruising over the plains.

Late in November a cold but sunny Sunday prompted us to pack a lunch and make one last trek up the Missouri to Fort Peck Dam through seventy-six miles of rolling wheat fields and wind-swept prairie. The only trees were along the banks of the Missouri and its tributaries, and US 2 kept well above the river bottom to avoid the flood waters. We passed occasional ranches and small Indian settlements, but for miles and miles, if the eye avoided the ribbon of road and the power lines that stretched ahead of us, it was easy to imagine this wonderful country as it had been in the days when the warlike Sioux harassed the early traders and the Missouri was the highway that carried the trappers to rendezvous at Fort Union — shades of the Mountain Men!* Even the bunches of distant cattle could well be remnants of the once-mighty buffalo herd.

Magpies displayed brilliant flashes of black and white as they flipped in and out of the brush along the river. Flocks of ducks could be seen over the treetops as they followed the watercourse, and Ring-necked Pheasants and Hungarian Partridges fed in grainfields along the road. We stopped to watch four Short-eared Owls as they bounded back and forth across a marshy coulee, and we marveled at their mothlike flight. Rough-legs were conspicuous, as always, and we saw one melanistic individual. A short distance from the Dam we saw a flock of several hundred Mallards circling a grainfield beside the highway. Birding at the Dam itself was a bit disappointing. The White Pelicans and the shore birds that had enlivened our previous trips during the summer and early fall had departed for the Southland. One Loon swam about in the channel below the dam, but the greatest activity was at the diversion tunnels, where dozens of Ring-billed Gulls wheeled and dived above the churning water which boiled forth from the tunnels. The gulls seemed unmindful of the weather as they climbed up into the brilliant blue sky to dive again into the roaring white water. The bitterly cold wind stung our faces, bringing tears to our eyes, and finally drove us back to the shelter of the car.

And then December was upon us. The temperatures tumbled to zero and kept right on going down, reaching forty below zero on several occasions. Now we knew why the survey crew called this "The Siberia of the Highway Department." For days it remained at ten below or lower. It was much too cold to take the baby out, and I was unable to see through the solidly frosted windows, so my "field observations" were at an all-time low. Once I thought I heard a Chickadee in the chokecherry tree outside the window!

We risked the treacherous highways to spend the Christmas holidays at my uncle's ranch in the Little Belt Mountains some four hundred miles to the southwest, in central Montana. The very first morning my aunt tossed crumbs on the snow for the "snowbirds." I expected to see juncos, but — to my amazement and delight — when the snowbirds appeared they were Gray-crowned Rosy Finches, driven down to the ranches in the foothills by the deep snows and bitter winds that stormed about their timber-line homes. That was a new bird for the life list that I had never expected to see beneath a kitchen window. As I watched the Rosy Finches, a covey of brown grouselike birds,

*Fort Union was the farthest point reached by Audubon on his Missouri River trip in 1843, and here he stayed for about two months collecting specimens and painting them.

smaller than Pheasants, slipped out of the brush along the creek and cautiously approached the house. They were Sharp-tailed Grouse and came several times each day to feed on corn thrown out for them. A few days later we saw a flock of fifty Sage Hens cross the road ahead of us a short distance from the ranch. The comparative abundance of game birds in Montana was a continual thrill.

Not far from the ranch Paul was fortunate enough to see a Golden Eagle perched on a fence post, where it really looked tremendous. We were told that eagles are seen throughout the year by ranchers who live in or near the mountains in this part of Montana. During January and February we saw them frequently along the river bottoms where they wintered, often perched atop haystacks, but in the early spring they disappeared into inaccessible mountain canyons.



A. M. BAILEY AND R. J. NIEDRACH

Mule Deer

house. From the large windows of the log house we could look for miles down the slope to where the snow-clad firs stopped and the sagebrush-covered foothills began, across the Musselshell River Valley and beyond, where the Crazy Mountains rose many miles to the south.

Soon after the New Year we were transferred to Roundup in south-central Montana. We hated to say good-bye to the good friends we had made in Poplar, but I was delighted to find Roundup in a valley among the foothills, surrounded by rimrock country and open forests of limber pine. Both the scenery and the avian population were more varied than in northeastern Montana. One of our first discoveries was a flock of Piñon Jays wintering along the Musselshell River. We saw them throughout the winter, a flock of about fifty when first seen but increasing to an estimated 150 by late winter. From all

There were many forms of wildlife other than birds to interest us during the week we spent at the ranch. Mule Deer were abundant and were seen almost every time we left the immediate vicinity of the ranch buildings. We had been at the ranch less than thirty minutes when my uncle took me outside the kitchen door and pointed to an open slope on the mountainside. Through my binocular I could make out some small dark spots moving slowly on the slope, and he assured me that they were part of a large band of Elk, or Wapiti, that wintered in that section of the Little Belts. A few days later we were the guests of a rancher who lives on a mountainside high in the Belts, just below the open slope in fact. He complained of the trouble he was having with elk and deer jumping his fences to eat at haystacks within sight of the ranch

the reference books we were able to consult, we decided that this was the northern edge of their range. Robin-sized and a lovely slate blue in color, they were often seen about haystacks, and even in the corrals close to ranches, walking about among the feeding cattle in the manner of Cowbirds and keeping up a continual squawking and chattering. Duck Hawks are supposedly rare summer residents of Montana, but we saw one several times about the pine-clad rimrocks along the Musselshell — diving toward the river or flying up to disappear among the rocky pinnacles.

As we explored the country surrounding our new home we saw flocks of Horned Larks, Redpolls, Longspurs, Snow Buntings, Tree Sparrows, and Juncos — very much the same birds we expect to see in New England during the winter. But in Montana the flocks were larger than I have seen in Massachusetts, and they were certainly more readily observed. New England is so largely a wooded country that it requires more than driving the highways to get a representative picture of the bird life of a given area. In the open parts of the West a perching bird often has a very limited supply of perches, and in many places the only perches available are the barbed-wire fences and the power lines that follow the highways. We soon learned to scan the fence posts and wires carefully, as far ahead as we could see. Much of our easiest and most rewarding birding was done through the windshield of our car. The fence posts were favorite perches for hawks, shrikes, sparrows, larks, and many other birds. At night we often saw the shadowy form of an owl float off into the darkness as our headlights rested upon it. I think that most were Great Horned Owls, but it was a severe winter and we stared expectantly at every light-colored owl, hoping it might be a Snowy or a Great Gray Owl. Usually they vanished into the night before they were seen clearly and I could only enter them in my notes as unknown owls.

The highways themselves were the happy hunting grounds for many hawks that fed upon the Jack Rabbits and other small animals killed by cars. They usually continued to feed until the last possible moment before springing into the air out of our way. Occasionally we saw Ravens on the uninhabited sagebrush flats south of Roundup flapping very slowly directly over the road and probably looking for the same easy meals that attracted the Rough-legs. Pronghorn Antelope have been increasing in recent years, and we often saw a band or two on the flats, well-camouflaged in the sagebrush until they turned from us to show their white rumps as they vanished over a hill.

The rarest bird of the winter, which I was never to see, turned up just outside our apartment house. My husband was waiting on the sidewalk for me one February morning when his attention was attracted by a shadow passing overhead, and he had a brief look at a brown bird about fifteen inches long, with pale brown barring on breast and belly. The stranger flew to a branch in the large cottonwood just outside our window, and Paul was able to see the owlish head before my belated appearance caused the bird to vanish around the corner of the house. We searched the neighborhood without success. The following day I missed my second opportunity. I had just entered the home of a friend, while Paul lingered outside. As the door closed behind me, the mystery owl appeared again. He flew directly past Paul about twenty feet above the lawn, several fast wingbeats alternating with a sail. Paul's description of the short pointed wings and long tail, the coloring, and the flight tallied perfectly with that of the American Hawk Owl, a rare visitor from the Arctic. Once again we searched the neighborhood, but the owl never reappeared.



ARTHUR A. ALLEN

Snow Bunting and Longspur

The entire winter continued to be severely cold with heavy snowfalls. Reports of starving cattle appeared in eastern newspapers as well as in all Montana papers. Game birds, ducks, and game animals starved, despite the efforts of game wardens and local sportsmen to feed them. The warm autumn had tempted thousands of ducks to linger near the stubble fields of barley and wheat. With the sudden advent of heavy snows and sub-zero temperatures it was impossible for them to find food, and in the few rivers with open water the current was too swift to permit the ducks to feed. One of my cousins accompanied the Wheatland County Game Warden on a survey along the Musselshell River, where they found dead and dying ducks in the fields, in the brush along the river, and along the highway. An estimated twenty-five thousand perished in that one locality.

When the weather finally moderated in early March, we saw Turkey Vultures soaring over the prairies and buttes, methodically searching for carcasses exposed by the melting snow. A. A. Saunders writes that the Vulture was abundant in eastern Montana at the time of the buffalo slaughter but became rare when the slaughter ceased. With the advent of March the weather slowly improved. Redpolls, Alaska Longspurs, and Snow Buntings still flew up from the roadside weed patches as we drove past, and Northern Shrikes flipped away from their solitary perches on fence posts, but there were hints of the approach of spring in the warmth of the sun, slush in the roads where the snow had lain packed all winter, and finally, on March 3, a flock of thirty Mountain Bluebirds flashing azure-blue wings as they flew from post to post ahead of our car. The long Montana winter was over.

Nature's Calendar—February

BY RICHARD HEADSTROM

February is a month of contrasts. For the most part it is a month of intense cold and heavy snows, with biting winds blowing over the landscape from the frozen wastes of the north. And yet there are days when the sun shines brightly in a blue sky and soft breezes, suggesting the nearness of spring, thread their way gently through woods and thickets, dissolving icy pendants that glisten from the naked branches of tree and shrub.

Days that hint of spring and nudge sleeping creatures in moldering log and rocky crevice, in pond bottom and beneath the forest floor, into an awareness that the time of awakening is not far distant; days on which less sleepy creatures venture forth; when Mourning Cloaks flit about in sunny glades, and gnats swarm by thousands, and snow flies walk over the snow; when bats fly in winter caves, and diving beetles rise to the surface of pond and stream and swim about; and a lone Raccoon ventures forth, his prints describing an erratic trail through the woods on a search for food, and frogs give voice to feeble calls from dreary swamps.

Such days serve only as a brief interlude at a time of year when normally the mercury hovers not far from the zero mark and snowstorms revitalize the earth with life-giving elements. Plants have yet to respond to the pulse of life, and most of the animals so abundant and familiar during the warmer parts of the year are still sound asleep. And yet there is much life about. In swift rivulets and spring-fed brooks the nymphs of May flies feed and grow, leeches crawl about on rocks, and scuds play tag among the water plants. Two-lined Salamanders slither and jump about in swift shallows and hellgrammites hide in the holes and crevices beneath the rocks. Unlike their cousins the earthworms that are still wrapped in tangled balls far beneath the frost line, the bristle worms work to overturn the ooze in muddy bottoms of ponds and streams where fishes of various kinds — Yellow Perch, Pickerel, and Black Bass — swim indifferently about, according to whether the temperature rises or falls.

In roadside thicket and woodland grove, in bleak swamp and snow-swept field, the birds of January may still be found, but, faced with an increasing scarcity of food, they must search more diligently and in "days of famine" often turn to berries and fruits they normally ignore, devouring with avidity the sour scarlet pennants of the barberry or the bitter velvety crimson plumes of the sumac that show like flaming torches against the sky. But even such food becomes inaccessible when winter goes on the rampage; only the cone-feeders seem unaffected by heavy snows, for the evergreen cones are usually above even the deepest snow cover.

No less than the birds, the mammals, too, are faced with a diminishing food supply, the Porcupine alone excepted, for this ungainly, awkward creature seems always to find an ample supply in the bark and leaves of the evergreens. Other rodents, too, escape serious suffering from the scarcity of food since they have laid up stores of provisions upon which they draw throughout the winter season. But the deer and carnivores and others which are abroad do not fare so well. The White-tailed Deer, now wearing their handsomest coats, wander widely if the winter is open and the snow cover is thin, frequently approaching human settlements, but when the snowfall is

heavy they are restricted to paths, or "yards," which they open up and where they must depend for food on the tender buds and twigs of maple, birch, cedar and other conifers. By night and day the smaller carnivores prowl the woods and neighboring fields, and their tracks in the snow tell many exciting tales of the chase. Around stone piles where the Weasel makes his home, fur and feathers lie in evidence of successful hunts, and along the banks of a frozen stream the remains of a fish show where a Mink or Otter has feasted.

No longer is the howl of the Wolf heard at night, mingling with the wind and sounding an eerie note of peril; instead, the bark of the Red Fox is heard from glistening hilltop. The cry of the Wildcat is also to be heard and, more disturbing than either, the loud "whoo, hoo-hoo-hoo" of the Great Horned Owl as his cry speeds through the night with unexpected shrillness, trumpeting the presence of a nameless terror.

Birds of the night, owls are not often seen at this season, though many are with us throughout the year. Only the Snowy Owl seems to be present when, driven south by periodic scarcity of food, he pays us an infrequent visit. And yet these nocturnal birds of prey are ever at our side, silently doing their bit in destroying countless rodents that multiply with disconcerting rapidity.

Feeling the urge of instinct and undeterred by the rigors of the season, as early as February the Horned Owl performs his courtship antics among the snow-covered branches of a tall tree; the Gray Squirrel seeks his mate and plans his globular nest; the Skunk leaves his snug retreat and wanders in search of a wife; and the Yellow Perch begin to migrate to spawning places in shallows along the pond and lake shore. But the instinct to mate is not the only sign of returning spring, and in spite of bad weather the northward movement begins. As the month draws to a close occasional Woodcocks appear in damp woodland and bushy meadow, Snow Buntings move along the ocean beach, Black Ducks leave the coastal waters, and the first of returning Wild Geese wing their way across the sky.

We're on the Air!

Since December 22 the Massachusetts Audubon Society has been broadcasting over Station WGBH-FM every Saturday afternoon at 3:00 P. M. The broadcast is listed as "Week-End Trails" and the February program is as follows:

- "Wings in the Marsh," C. Russell Mason, February 2
- "A Field Day With Audubon," Seth Kelsey and Mrs. Grimes, February 9
- "Massachusetts Out-of-Doors," Laurence B. Fletcher, February 16
- "Sylvan Trails," Hal Harrison, February 23 (Mr. Harrison is also appearing in our "Nature Theater" series at New England Mutual Hall that morning at 10:30.)

Station WGBH-FM is sponsored by a non-profit group including the Lowell Institute, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and a group of colleges near Boston. We have already been represented on the program by Mr. Mason, Dr. May, Miss Goode, Mr. Bussewitz, and Mr. Grayce, of the Audubon staff.

Listen to "Week-end Trails" on Station WGBH-FM at three o'clock on Saturdays.

1952 AUDUBON LECTURES

Audubon Nature Theater Series



Dick Bird, famous Canadian wild-life photographer and naturalist, will bring his exciting "Jungle Wild Life in British Guiana" to the March program of the Annual Lecture Series. An ardent photographer since his early youth, Dick Bird has covered most of the civilized world and much of the uncivilized in his unique travels. British Guiana has been relatively unknown and singularly ignored by photographers, and Mr. Bird's intimately informative presentation fills a long-existing gap in wildlife annals. Anteaters, brilliant lizards and reptiles, bird-eating spiders, parrots, macaws, jacanas, and other equally fascinating animal life present striking contrast to the scenes of Georgetown and British colonial pageantry. "Jungle Wild Life in British Guiana" should be a *must* on everyone's list.

Boston: New England Mutual Hall, Saturday, March 8, 10:30 a.m.

Adults \$1.20, Youth 60 cents, Tax inc.

Northampton: Sage Hall, Smith College, Thursday, March 6, 8:00 p.m.

Tales of the Wildwood Series

With "Land of Rushing Waters," Edward Morris Brigham Jr. unfolds a colorful and stimulating account of America's great natural show place, Yellowstone National Park. Director of the Kingman Museum of Natural History in Battle Creek, Michigan, Mr. Brigham brings a great fund of informative knowledge to this exciting story of geysers and mud volcanoes, waterfalls and hot springs. The story of Yellowstone's hot springs, with the dramatic depiction of superheated waters charging into streams of boiling lava beneath the earth's surface, is faithfully portrayed and artistically unified with the story of the Park, one of our greatest wildlife sanctuaries. The viewing of this film will be a memorable occasion for all who attend.



Boston: New England Mutual Hall, Saturday, March 22, 10:30 a.m.

Adults \$1.20, Youth 60 cents, Tax inc.

Northampton: High School Auditorium, Tuesday, March 25, 7:00 p.m.

Be Sure To Save These Lecture Dates

Remember These Lecture Dates

Boston Lectures

All Boston Lectures will be in New England Mutual Hall at 10:30 A. M., on Saturdays. See January *Bulletin*, page 23, and this issue, page 58, for details.

ALLAN CRUICKSHANK		"Below the Big Bend"
HAL H. HARRISON	February 9	"Sylvan Trails"
DICK BIRD	February 23	"Jungle Wild Life in British Guiana"
EDWARD M. BRIGHAM, JR.	March 8	"Land of Rushing Waters"
	March 22	

Tickets, Adults, \$1.20, Youth 60 cents, Tax included.

Northampton Lectures

Sponsored by Northampton Rotary Club and Massachusetts Audubon Society	
ALLAN CRUICKSHANK	"Below the Big Bend"
Sage Hall, Smith College, 8:00 P.M., Thursday, February 7	
HAL H. HARRISON	"Sylvan Trails"
High School Auditorium, 7:00 P.M., Tuesday, February 19	
DICK BIRD	"Jungle Wild Life in British Guiana"
Sage Hall, Smith College, 8:00 P.M., Thursday March 6	
EDWARD M. BRIGHAM, JR.	"Land of Rushing Waters"
High School Auditorium, 7:00 P.M., Tuesday, March 25	

Worcester Lectures

Sponsored by Forbush Bird Club and Massachusetts Audubon Society	
ALLAN CRUICKSHANK	"Trails for the Millions"
Horticultural Hall, Friday, February 8, at 8:00 P.M.	
EDWARD M. BRIGHAM, JR.	"Michigan Naturalist's Odyssey"
Horticultural Hall, Friday, March 28, at 8:00 P.M.	

Attleboro Lectures

Sponsored by The Guild of All Saints Church

HAL H. HARRISON	"Sylvan Trails"
Friday, February 15, 1952, 7:30 P.M., Attleboro High School	
EDWARD M. BRIGHAM, JR.	"Land of Rushing Waters"
Friday, March 21, 1952, 7:30 P.M., Peter Thacher School	

Dick Bird to be Presented in Special Showing

For Benefit of the Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary at Topsfield

DICK BIRD	"Jungle Wild Life in British Guiana"
Beverly High School Auditorium, Friday, March 7, at 8:00 P.M.	

Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors



phenomenal growth, Mr. Morrison's advice and recommendations have been eagerly sought and acted upon.

But the delightful thing about this Director is his equally keen interest in the world of nature, which has been developed from early childhood. As a boy he lived not far from the ocean, where were wooded hills and meadows and quiet ponds, and there he roamed the countryside for miles around.

When he was ready for college, it would have been natural for him to pursue this interest, but owing to the failure of his father's business during the business depression of the 1890's, he concentrated instead on economic history and finance, winning honorable mention in that field. Upon graduation from Harvard, he entered investment banking, and now for the past twenty years he has been an Investment Adviser registered with the Securities Exchange Commission.

Mr. Morrison has been connected with several interesting enterprises as side lines while carrying on his profession. He is one of the directors of the MacGregor Instrument Company, today an important factor in its field. He was also associated with three successful real estate ventures, the residential developments of Gray Gardens and Coolidge Hill in Cambridge and of Hill-fields in Brookline.

Mr. Morrison gave several years to helping establish the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, where he served for a time as chairman of the Board of Directors, and from 1931 to 1941 he was a trustee of Mount Holyoke College.

But his love of the out-of-doors continued over the years, and he even found time to study the natural sciences through graduate courses. This interest took him over the mountain trails of New England, to the Canadian Rockies, and to the Sierras. He also joined an expedition from the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles recovering remains of pleistocene animals and relics of early man from the now-famous Gypsum Cave on the Nevada desert.

Mr. Morrison has found healthful recreation in both golf and in sculling on the Charles River, and he still engages in the latter as a delightful pastime.

ALVA MORRISON. A member of the Board of Directors since 1943, Mr. Morrison has rendered especially valuable service to the Society through his broad experience in the fields of finance and business. Also a director or trustee of the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Day Trust Company of Boston, Cambridge Savings Bank, and the Faxon Trust of Quincy, as well as of The Trustees of Public Reservations and the Nuttall Ornithological Club, these responsibilities keep him closely in touch with the banking and investment field. In practically every important business undertaking of the past eight years, during which the Society has experienced

He also feels the need of leaving his desk often for the great open spaces, where he seeks to satisfy his interest in bird life, not as a science but as a hobby, and with field glasses and camera he has traveled over a large part of the continent. In late years he says he has found it possible to relate many of these vagabonding trips to the acquiring of a broader knowledge of investments. "For example," he says, "what could be simpler after finding the Snow Geese on the St. Lawrence River than to continue northward to the great hydroelectric plants and smelters of Aluminum Limited at Arvida, or while on the way to the Manitoba marshes to stop off to see the fast-expanding steel industry at the Canadian Sault, or to leave the marshes of Great Salt Lake to look into the immense open-pit mine of Kennecott Copper?"

In 1911 Mr. Morrison was married to Miss Amy Gallagher, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, daughter of the distinguished jurist Charles Theodore Gallagher, and they have two children, Mrs. Sarah Kerlin, of Riverdale, New York, and Alva, Jr., who served four years in World War II, mainly in the Pacific theater, and is now in the Naval Reserve at Norfolk, Virginia. They have three grandchildren, Sarah, Gilbert Nye, and Jonathan Otis Kerlin.

Mr. Morrison finds congenial companionship through many clubs. He is a charter member of the Harvard Club, also a member of several clubs related to his various hobbies, such as Cambridge Boat Club, Appalachian Mountain Club, Union Camera Club, and Essex County Ornithological Club. His church affiliation is with the First Parish Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge.



MRS. SYDNEY M. WILLIAMS. A member of the Board of Directors since 1925, Mrs. Sydney M. Williams, of Pond Road, Wellesley, has always shown enthusiasm for the many activities of the Society, especially those relating to education and sanctuaries.

Following a natural interest, she spent six years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the study of biology, public health, bacteriology, and chemistry, and as she has lived most of her life in country communities, her background of living and training has developed in her an unusual appreciation and understanding of the program of conservation education carried on in Massachusetts by the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Mrs. Williams has for a number of years been Chairman of the Permanent Flower Show Committee of the Board, a committee which formerly arranged many prize-winning displays of gardens attractive to birds at Boston's Annual Spring Flower Show, and in more recent years it has sponsored exhibits of our educational and promotional work at these shows.

Mrs. Williams was one of the first of our members to propose that camping for children should be based upon a natural history program and suggested that the Society establish a demonstration camp for children on this

principle. Such a camp was organized at Cook's Canyon in 1950, and a full enrollment resulted the second season. As an expression of confidence in the plan of the camp, Mary Fyffe, granddaughter of Mrs. Williams, was enrolled both in 1950 and 1951.

The spacious country home of the Williamses in Wellesley has been a mecca for bird visitors over the years. The feeders for these feathered guests are sure to be thronged with Evening Grosbeaks in invasion years, and all through the seasons many species are attracted to the grounds and feeders through plantings of berry-bearing shrubs.

Happily, the love of the outdoors and of bird and animal life has continued through two generations of the Williams family.

Because of her modesty, Mrs. Williams failed to supply the editors with the names of organizations with which she is affiliated, but we know that her special interest lies in the realms of horticulture and gardening. She is an actively interested member of the Noanett Garden Club, that public-spirited group which has done so much to develop the Wild Flower Trail at Moose Hill Sanctuary.

From The Editors' Sanctum

Wanted — A New Name

As this February *Bulletin* goes to press the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society is being held in Boston. Those attending the meeting will doubtless notice the appeal for suggestions for a new and distinctive title for our Society's publication.

The present name, *The Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society*, is awkward and cumbersome to use. When abbreviated to *The Bulletin*, it may be confused with any one of scores of similarly named Bulletins which have exactly as good a claim to the title as we have. This long name is particularly unsatisfactory when we try to interest prospective advertisers in our publication as an advertising medium. Such advertisers are interested only in results and how they are obtained, and they want to know in what medium their advertisement was seen. Brevity and distinctiveness are most important in this connection. How often would one say, "I read it in the Transcript" rather than, "I saw your advertisement in the *Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society*?"

So we are promoting a "Name Contest," for a new title for our publication. The prize for the best name submitted will be a copy of the new, finely illustrated book *Audubon's Animals* edited by Alice Ford and reviewed in the *Bulletin* for December, 1951. The award will be made by a committee of three, with C. Russell Mason as chairman, to whom names should be sent not later than March 1, 1952.

The name should be short. It should be distinctive. If possible, it should be descriptive, or at least suggestive, of the nature of our activities and interests. We plan to use as a subtitle the words: "The Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society," and this need not be included with your suggestion.

The Massachusetts Audubon Society was organized in 1896 "For the Protection of Birds." It was not until April, 1929, that the words "and Mammals" were added. Today our activities are far-reaching and diversified, perhaps best exemplified in the work of our Educational Staff with its program of "Conservation through Natural Science" now being presented to approximately fifteen thousand school children in Massachusetts on a weekly or biweekly basis throughout the school year.

If you cannot think of a word or a short phrase to suggest our present scope or the program known as the "Audubon Movement," can you coin a new word for us? Think it over, write it down, mail it to Audubon House, and accept our thanks for your co-operation.

Only, DO IT NOW, please!

“So Much For So Little”

Are You Enjoying Your Membership?

Aside from the fact that membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society is in itself a satisfying experience, enabling one to participate actively in a great and growing conservation movement in this State and beyond, there are other benefits provided for members which are intended to add greatly to the enjoyment of membership. Many, for example, have frequent need of articles supplied by Audubon's Store, where a variety of select items from books to birdhouses may be procured at a special member's discount, and where a charge account may be opened with the Society. There are also those who may be able to avail themselves of our excellent and up-to-date reference and lending libraries. To all the *Bulletin* offers a wealth of informative and entertaining reading each month, with timely announcements of interesting meetings and exhibits, lectures, field trips, courses of study, etc., open to members. And there is always a trained staff of workers at Audubon House and at our larger sanctuaries ready to assist members with information or with their special problems in our field. We recently were cheered by an expression of satisfaction from a member in these words: "Though I participate rarely in the organized activities, I have no interest that I enjoy more than that afforded through my membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society." It is our hope and aim that every member may receive the utmost of enjoyment from his Audubon membership.

This month we welcome the following new members to the Society and take this opportunity to thank warmly those members who are giving increased support to the work.

Life Members

- ***Bartol, Louis C., Cambridge
- Keyes, Mrs. Frederick G., Cambridge
- ***Martin, Miss Eleanor P., Milton

Supporting Members

- *Driscoll, Miss Dorothy H., Brookline
- *Gallagher, Dr. J. Roswell, Auburndale
- *Gallagher, Mrs. J. Roswell, Auburndale
- Howland, Norman E., Belchertown
- *Jefferson, Miss M. F., Roslindale
- Malcolm, Mrs. James Campbell,
S. Coventry, Conn.
- *McQueston, Mrs. F. W., Barre
- *Smith, Rufus W., Jr., Melrose
- *Stillman, Harold L., Newtonville
- *Stillman, Mrs. Harold L., Newtonville
- Usher, Abbott Payson, Salem
- *Wade, Francis C., Stoneham
- *Wade, Mrs. Francis C., Stoneham
- Wick, James L., Jr., Youngstown, Ohio

Active Members

- Allen, Norman, New Bedford
- Barlow, Mrs. Harrington, Wayland
- Barranco, Miss Delphine, East Boston
- Belcher, Miss Elizabeth C., Wayland
- Bennett, Mrs. Edwin C., Hingham
- *Transferred from Active Membership
- ***Transferred from Contributing Membership
- Berube, Mrs. William H., Ware
- Bird, R. W., Boston
- Bradlee, Master Reginald, Winchester
- Braganti, Richard, Newton Center
- Bray, Mrs. Ferd, Holyoke
- Brockelman, Michael, Lunenburg
- Brown, Mrs. Frank X., Reading
- Butler, George, Brookline
- Cahoon, Miss Eliza E., Pleasant Lake, Cape Cod
- Carroll, Mrs. Richard F., Springfield
- Chase, Mrs. Alexander B., West Yarmouth
- Churchill, Master Frederick E., Cambridge
- Clark, Miss Lillian, Glastonbury, Conn.
- Cleaves, Kendall F., Winchester
- Clifford, Paul Kendall, S. Portland, Me.
- Cooney, Mrs. Olivia G., Boston
- Crook, Miss Esther M., Boston
- Cunningham, Miss F. C., West Roxbury
- Daley, J. E., Dorchester
- Deveau, R. Paul, Jamaica Plain
- Elson, Mr. Alfred, Woburn
- Fisher, Miss Holly, Hingham
- Furber, Howard N., Cambridge
- Ganz, Robert N., Jr., Cambridge
- Gavett, Miss Elizabeth, S. Hadley
- Gilbert, Miss Marion, Ct. Herrington

Glading, Miss Ann S., Framingham
 Goyette, Mrs. E. H., Natick
 Gray, Robert H., Skowhegan, Me.
 Greeley, Mrs. David, Newton Center
 Hakes, Jesse F., Glenwood, Md.
 Hamilton, David Eaton, Belmont
 Heard, Steve, Jr., Westwood
 Heath, Miss Molly, Winchester
 Heath, Dr. Parker, Winchester
 Hembrough, Miss Evelyn, East Boston
 Herndon, Mrs. John A., Baltimore, Md.
 Hibbard, Mrs. M. J., Dover
 Hobart, Miss Mabel B., Cambridge
 Horniman, Alexander B., Hingham
 Hose, John Robert, Mountainside, N. J.
 Howard, Storey B., East Foxboro
 John, Mrs. Morley Marshall, S. Lincoln
 Jones, Mrs. Laurence, Auburndale
 Jost, Miss Alice L., Brookline
 Kelley, Miss Emaline L., Wayland
 Kierman, Mrs. Ray, Rockport
 King, Mrs. Leroy, Northampton
 LaCroix, Mrs. Morris F., Chestnut Hill
 Lange, Miss Helen F., Boston
 Lisi, Miss Linda, Pittsfield
 Litchfield, Miss Etta, Coventry, Vt.
 Lennox, Donald, Whitefield, N. H.
 Long, Miss Mary Frances Thomas,
 Concord
 Lucas, Ernest R., Haverhill
 MacDonald, Mrs. John D., Cambridge
 Macomber, Blair, Newburyport
 Meeker, Miss Sallie, Somerville
 Moran, Geoffrey P., Melrose

Morrissey, Mrs. John T., Bridgewater
 Morse, Mrs. I. Stowell, E. Holliston
 Netkovitch, Miss Sabina, Fairview
 New England Kurn Hattin Homes,
 Westminster, Vt.
 Noble, William, Pittsfield
 Nutter, Mrs. John C., Topsfield
 O'Neil, Mrs. Alice L., Duxbury
 Parshley, John W., Fitchburg
 Payne, William, No. Andover
 Phippen, Richard D., Boston
 Purcell, John F. H., Pasadena, Calif.
 Rafferty, Miss Elinor, Dedham
 Rahmanop, Robert R., Newton Hlds.
 Raymond, Mrs. H. W., Hingham
 Richardson, M. E., Gilbertville
 Scott, Mrs. Christine, Beverly
 Sevigny, Charles, Quincy
 Stevens, Mrs. Janet S., Needham
 Swinarski, Thomas, Peabody
 Sylvia, Mrs. Grace P., S. Dartmouth
 Taylor, C. F., Brookline
 Thatcher, Ronald G., Middleboro
 Tomkin, Douglas,
 Melbourne, Vict., Aust.
 Turner, Mrs. John H., Swainton, N. J.
 Warwick, Dr. Ruth C., Waban
 Webster, Mrs. H. E., Marlboro
 Wheeler, Mrs. Ira B., Greenfield
 White, William, Attleboro
 Wilhelmy, Mrs. John F., Jr.,
 N. Scituate
 Winn, Mrs. H. E., Arlington

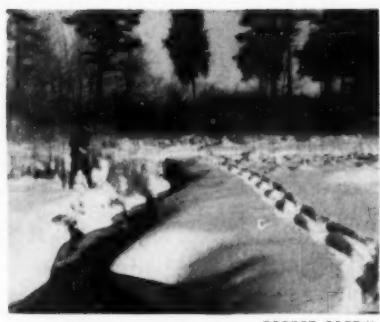
Come Spring

We've all read much about the man who breakfasts with his papers,
 And *reams* about the golfing fan and his eccentric capers,
 The chap who eats and drinks and sleeps the baseball news in season,
 And all the other sports who run amuck with no good reason.
 We've all read stories, jokes and tales and Sunday funny pages
 About the WIDOWS of these men, who've suffered through the ages.
 But there are WIDOWERS as well, who really rate attention—
 I'll name the BIRDER'S MATE, poor thing, for honorable mention.
 At breakfast time the table's set with notebooks, cards and glasses —
 Not drinking ones, you understand, for coffee—demitasses!
 The knives and forks and condiments for scrambled eggs and bacon
 Do not appear, and AUDUBON their rightful place has taken.
 The CHICKADEE comes first because the SQUIRREL'S cleaned the feeder.
 The fruit juice waits — a CARDINAL is preening on the leader.
 The frying pan is smoking — "Could that song be a DICKCISSEL?"
 The pan smokes on—"Oh, shucks," she says, "it's just the WHITETHROAT'S
 whistle."
 The toast burns up because, it seems, the BLUEBIRD'S started building!
 Unmitigated truth, my friend, this story needs no gilding.
 So if you feel the WIDOWS of the sport fans need consoling,
 Consider me, a BIRDER'S MATE, for sympathy enrolling!

LAWRENCE B. ROMAINE

Writings In The Snow

BY WESLEY T. PERKINS



ROBERT COFFIN

Such a new page was turned on the evening of December 14, when a storm swept into New England from the southwest some hours ahead of the Weather Bureau's schedule. The disturbance moved out to sea the next morning after depositing three or four inches of snow, and by noon of Sunday, the 16th, many interesting stories had been written on the white page.

In that section of the Palmer State Forest bordering the Ipswich River between Wenham Swamp and Willowdale Dam, not far from our Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary, the writing was copious and varied. One of the first lines was penned in haste by a Red Squirrel, for the record of his dash from the base of a hemlock to the sturdy bole of an oak was blurred by the last few flakes of the storm. Later he had descended the tree to dig for buried treasure. Close by, in a little heap on the snow, were the discarded scales of a hemlock cone.

Well down in the woods a little brook flows under a forgotten bridle path to add its waters to the Ipswich. The brook is in such a hurry that it seldom freezes, and its channel under the old stone culvert is a favorite runway for Mink. Sometime during the night these water-loving creatures must have been playing follow-the-leader. All of their tracks came from the lower end of the culvert, turned back across the bridle path, and then followed the brook down into the culvert again. The snow was well-stained with earth from the underground passage, for, like some small children, Mink can't be bothered to wipe their feet.

Even the uninitiated reader would have known the author of the next story. The penmanship was unusual in that a continuous line separated the parallel imprints of the feet. The Muskrat had climbed a steep bank from the river and journeyed up among the pines. Being in a leisurely and perhaps exploratory mood, his tail had dragged behind. Quite a different style of writing recorded the Muskrat's hasty retreat to the water. The footprints were blurred, and the tail had slapped the snow with each bound of the fleeing animal to leave a series of arcs, alternating in the direction of their curve.

The neat, precise trail of a Fox, coming down from the highlands, explained the Muskrat's wild dash for the river. But Reynard didn't go hungry for long. Turning in disappointment along the bank, he came to the footprints

When new snow covers the countryside, Nature's authors write the stories of their doings and never receive rejection slips from unsympathetic editors. In bold-faced type a frightened deer tells of his flight, or the writing may be etched in tiny but decisive strokes by a ravenous shrew. No matter who the author, Nature always publishes the story. But if Nature is impartial, she also is capricious, for she may erase the written page quickly, or turn it for another, white and clean.

of a large bird with feathered "snowshoes" on. Probably the Ruffed Grouse had passed that way some hours earlier, and the trail was cold, for the Fox gave the tracks only a sniff or two and then trotted on. But a little gray Cottontail was less fortunate. The record of his sudden flight from under the hemlock tip ended abruptly. Tufts of hair and a crimson stain, like red ink spilled on a white page, told the tragic story.

It is surprising that an animal as large and as circumscribed of habitat as an Otter can survive in such a thickly settled area as Essex County. Yet every winter the round, distinctive tracks of this big cousin of the weasel are found along the Ipswich. On this particular occasion the record of his doings was brief. The Otter had left the river to bound for a short distance along the bank. Having gained momentum, he slid a few feet on his stomach before returning to the water. There was no sign anywhere of a typical Otter slide.

Near Willowdale Dam the belt of woods is narrow, for a corner of upland pasture dips down toward the river. Where forest and pasture meet is a fringe of bushes, and in and out of this transition zone were the most interesting trails of all. Quail are rare in Essex County, but there was no mistaking those delicate, starlike tracks. Judging from the crisscross pattern through the bushes, there must have been half a dozen birds in the bevy. The trails ended at the edge of the pasture, and on each side of the final footprints were the faint marks of short, blunt wings. For the sake of brave little Bob-white it is hoped that the winter will be mild.

Eight different kinds of authors had written their stories, an unusual number considering the limited area and the short space of time since the white flakes stopped falling. But there was another trail, not yet mentioned. It was made by the clumsy, human footprints of the reader of the writings in the snow.

Christmas Bird Counts Break Records

Perhaps it was open weather, perhaps better coverage by enthusiastic birders, but the 1951 Christmas Bird Counts along the east coast of Massachusetts set new records for species seen during the holiday season. The Newburyport-Plum Island region, covered on December 23, produced a count of eighty-five species, fifteen above the previous high of seventy. Outstanding birds spotted this year included a Broad-winged Hawk found at Proctor Sanctuary, Topsfield; two Wilson's Snipe; and a Phoebe in Newburyport. Also new to the list was a single Ruby-crowned Kinglet. There were outstanding counts of both Holbell's and Horned Grebes, while woodpeckers, nuthatches, and winter finches were in goodly numbers. Donald C. Alexander, who led the counts in this section, announced that the total number of species recorded during the thirteen years of operation was 126. A Mockingbird was clocked for the third time, and it was also the third count for Ipswich Sparrow, Field Sparrow, and Grackle. At the day's end the observers gathered with those covering Cape Ann to enjoy coffee and cookies as the guests of the Elmer Foyes at Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary.

The Cape Ann groups broke their fifteen-year record by finding seventy-three species in the sixteenth year of the Christmas count for this area. The lowest number reported during this period was fifty in 1939, and the average for the sixteen years is sixty-one. An analysis of the counts shows that only twenty-seven species have been found every year, these being Common Loon, Horned Grebe, European Cormorant, Black Duck, American Golden-eye, Old-

squaw, White-winged Scoter, Red-breasted Merganser, Purple Sandpiper, Great Black-backed and Herring Gulls, Black Guillemot, Rock Dove, Flicker, Downy Woodpecker, Blue Jay, Crow, Black-capped Chickadee, Brown Creeper, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Starling, Myrtle Warbler, House Sparrow, Goldfinch, Slate-colored Junco, Tree Sparrow, and Song Sparrow. 128 species and subspecies have been reported in the sixteen years, but, of these, twenty-eight have been found only once, the Pied-billed Grebe and the Cowbird being new additions in 1951. In 1937 even a Black Vulture was found, in 1935 an Acadian Chickadee showed up, and in 1933 five hundred White-winged Crossbills were sighted. Thirty-two of the 128 forms have been found less than half a dozen times, five species have been missed only once, and five more only twice.

The South Shore Bird Club, working the same area as in the past three years, listed sixty-nine species, their best count to date. The most unexpected bird was a Barn Owl flushed from a tree on Moon Island. Their count of seventeen thousand Gulls is also worth noting, and one group watched 794 Red-breasted Mergansers coming into Wollaston Bay to settle for the night.

Even an interior point like Wellesley, well-covered by Douglas Sands and several parties of his students, revealed better than thirty species, including the Pine and Evening Grosbeaks and a Field Sparrow that has been a visitor to Henry Cutler's feeding station.

It was, however, the Cape Cod count in the Chatham region which produced the highest species count, and the best that had ever been made there, 110. Included were five thousand Canada Geese and one thousand Brant off the Brewster shores, and many interesting ducks. A Piping Plover in winter was most unexpected, and those who believe that Bluebirds all go south for the cold season will be surprised at the 110 individuals reported. There were also 123 Flickers and more than four hundred Chickadees found by the thirty-one observers, as well as a fine specimen of a King Rail picked up dead, and five Clapper Rails — one seen, the others heard calling toward evening. It remained for a group going to sea off Monomoy on December 29 to enjoy the most spectacular sight of all — rafts of Eiders that were carefully estimated to number a half million birds, dwarfing into insignificance the twelve thousand scoters, or Sea Coot, reported by the same group.

A party organized by Roland C. Clement, Executive Director of the Rhode Island Audubon Society, covered intensively an area in Newport County, R. I., which extended into Westport, Massachusetts, and came off with the "championship," so far as can be learned, for the New England region with a count of 113 species and one additional subspecies. Unusual items selected from their fine list include a Pacific Loon, an Eared Grebe, A European Widgeon, two Clapper Rails, a Woodcock, four Wilson's Snipe, and a Short-billed Marsh Wren. The abundance of Bonaparte's Gulls was indicated by a count of 1,150.

In contrast to these counts along coastal areas, Dr. Stuart Harris found only nine species on a New Hampshire mountain, and half the individual birds seen by him were Snow Buntings. It is of interest, also, that there are always some birds missed in spite of careful coverage, as indicated by a Towhee found in Rockport, Cape Ann, on the day before the count and an American Bittern on Christmas Day, neither bird being discovered on the Count day by the eleven parties numbering thirty-three observers which participated.

More Random Notes From The Field

BY DOROTHY E. SNYDER

FEBRUARY 18, 1951: A walk on October Mountain. And a walk it turned out to be, as a snowdrift six feet high completely blocked the entrance to the back road over the mountain. The "Road Closed" sign was quite unnecessary! Four of us shouldered knapsacks with food and extra sweaters, draped binoculars around our necks, and set off in a dripping fog which blanketed every part of the mountain except the immediate road edges. That, after some hundred feet of drifts, was blown pretty clear of snow and became good walking. It was a most delightfully weird hike in the heavy fog, with every spruce and fir ice-crusted and sparkling even in the dull light. Soon the temperature rose and drops started to fall from every evergreen needle, and in increasing tempo, so that it sounded as though we were walking through a fairly heavy rain; one instinctively turned up his coat collar against it. Actually we were walking along the perfectly dry narrow road, with the woods dripping heavily on both sides; the effect was as though by some magic we were able to clear a path through a storm. Drip, drip, drip went the spruce needles — it looked as though they all had bad colds and needed their noses wiped! The mild winter was attested by the cawing of unseen crows, unknown at this season in most years; also, somewhat to my surprise, by the scolding of jays. Two flocks of redpolls went overhead, one close enough so that we saw small ghostly forms as they rattled and called their way through the dim woods.

At noon we sat on a wet bank under dripping trees which softened our sandwiches unless we ate them rapidly, and then we separated a bit, two to explore a side road which had produced White-winged Crossbills in other years. But the two who stuck to the main road were treated to the tinkling and cheerful song of this bird, which sang on a tree dimly visible. The crossbill itself could not be found as it perched quietly, and suddenly the music ceased as the bird departed, still unseen.

We watched for tracks on the road, which was used as a highway by fox and Varying Hare, by weasel, and, though it was midwinter, by skunk and squirrel, and even by one Bobcat — which animal is still common enough in these parts. Most pleasing were the many tracks of Ruffed Grouse, my first inkling that their cycle of abundance was so decidedly on the upswing. Several partridges went whirring away through the woods, heard but not seen, until our count for the walk reached a total of twelve; quadruple that of any previous year's ramblings in this spot.

Suddenly "V" called our attention to a good-sized gray bird getting up from the road, and I got my binocular on it before it reached the roadside and watched what, from contour and actions, was obviously a jay as it flew silently under the trees, and I plainly saw the gray color and white-tipped tail feathers of a Canada Jay! The others confirmed the color, size, and manner of flight, and we remembered having heard some calls near this bend on the walk which were un-blue-jay-like. A long wait and much p-sh-sh-sh-ing produced only dead silence, except for the dripping of the trees. Should we have dashed into the thick woods after the bird? Looking at skins at the Museum of Comparative Zoology the next day confirmed our original identification of the bird as an immature Canada Jay; an exciting find on a day replete with the delights of a walk through deserted Berkshire woods, with nothing to mar their peace and beauty.

Gleanings From Our Educational Work

In contrast to the participation of all the pupils in a one-room school in the Audubon program, here is an account of the sharing of knowledge by the grade receiving it with all the pupils in a large elementary school.

For several years the conservation course has been taught in the Beverly Schools, both in fifth grades and, recently, on the sixth grade level. The carry-over work between the "Audubon Lady's" visits is especially good in that city, and the Prospect School in particular sets up many exhibits to illustrate the units taught. Their "Three Kingdoms" and "Insect World" exhibits come to mind as good examples. The first was a collection of representative material from the Mineral, Plant, and Animal Kingdoms, shown as "treasures" collected outdoors and displayed in a treasure chest, which was in reality a doll's trunk. The class apparently had enjoyed the unwrapping of similar "treasures" which Miss Snyder had brought in a miniature sea chest and had adopted the idea.

The insect exhibit was built around the *Key to the Common Orders of Insects* which had been used with the class, in which they collected locally, and mounted to the best of their ability, representatives of all the orders, using pictures and drawings when a specimen was unobtainable. This active group had found a surprising number of insects, and by the use of reference material they showed the economic aspects in relation to man. Incidentally they had learned a surprising number of facts about this large and heretofore little-noticed phylum.

These exhibits and others through the year were of such interest and value that space was allotted in the entrance corridor for a large table, where the class, with the help of their enthusiastic room teacher, Miss Helen Burke, displayed their material so that everyone in the school, and many visitors, shared in the science program.

These were, of course, comparatively simple exhibits, valuable in stimulating interest and most desirable when they correlated specific information with the over-all conservation picture. Further use was made of them when an Open House was held one afternoon and teachers from other schools and adjacent cities having the Conservation Course inspected them, thus showing to many outside the school the desirability of science work as it is carried on by Miss Burke, and also by Mrs. Kishon, the sixth grade teacher in Prospect School, Beverly.

From Our Younger Contributors

"Little Guy's" Visit to Grade Six, Bartlett School, Lowell.

"Little Guy is a Flying Squirrel. A Flying Squirrel has webs between his legs. When he jumps off a tree he puts out his legs. It's just like a parachute to him. When he is about to land he puts down his tail so he won't land face first.

"Little Guy came with Mrs. Japp, my Science teacher. Little Guy is a wonderful little guy. He can run on a wheel in his cage. He goes like a streak of lightning. I hope I can see him again." JAMES RAWNSLEY

"Little Guy is a Flying Squirrel. Brown and gray is his color. He came from the State of Maine. When I first saw Little Guy he was in a square cage

in the center of which I saw a wheel on which Little Guy did tricks and used it to get his exercise. A person would get the idea from his name that he could fly but he does not.

I think that if a person were to have a Flying Squirrel in their home it would soon become a pet that one could learn to enjoy very much because Little Guy is very easily trained." DIANE DECARTERET

Audubon Educational Staff in Winter Conference

On the morning of December twentieth Audubon teachers and Sanctuary Directors from all sections of the State (there are now nineteen of us), met at Audubon House for our semiannual two-day conference. There were more new faces than usual this year, owing both to replacements and to the steady expansion of the program in several areas.

Director Mason opened the meeting, and we quickly progressed with the agenda, which included discussion and evaluation of the objectives of the teaching program and the development of those objectives. The discussion culminated in the making of one or two recommendations, namely, that the Audubon courses hereafter be termed "Conservation Through Natural Science," and that the work be planned on a sixth grade level rather than on a fifth grade, but regarding a course on *both* levels as more nearly ideal.

Then followed a preview of plans for the Annual Meeting of the Society and its exhibits; the announcement of a plan to include in the *Bulletin* each month pertinent educational material, contributed by both teachers and pupils; a demonstration of modeling with "Stonex, Self-drying Clay," a material which could well be utilized in our Day Camp programs; a briefing on procedures for use of our visual aid materials; discussion of proposed informal census, in the towns where Audubon courses are conducted, of homes where efforts are being made to attract birds; report on the *Records of New England Birds*, with emphasis on the probable opportunities our teachers have while traveling to augment the records; thumbnail reports on many of the new books, adult and juvenile, in the natural science and conservation fields, many of which are available at Audubon House; a summary of an Audubon teacher's opportunities and obligations from a "public relations" point of view; and then we made a vivid trip via kodachrome slides to the Yosemite National Park Field School with Miss Mary Edith Barracough, a former member of our teaching staff. Finally, we organized an actual trip to the new Boston Science Museum, where we were introduced to Mr. Norman Harris, of the Museum's educational staff, and from whom we acquired some firsthand information on exhibit techniques and kindred matters.

On the evening of the twentieth, Mr. Mason met with the Sanctuary Directors and the personnel associated with the Day Camp programs to formulate plans for the 1952 season.

In addition to the helpful discussions and recommendations made at these semiannual conferences (the next will be held in June, probably at one of our sanctuaries), they afford practically the only opportunity for all members of our educational staff to meet together and become better acquainted, and the informal group luncheons especially provide a social interlude that keeps us a well-knit unit, though scattered across the Commonwealth "from the Bay to the Berkshires" in our teaching activities.

Enroll Now for Spring Workshops

Registrations are now being received for the Spring Workshops to be held again at Audubon House for the fourth consecutive season. These workshops have been highly successful and offer an unusual opportunity for teachers or for youth leaders to acquire, under expert leadership, the information necessary to conduct simple nature programs at school or camp, scout troop or recreation center, or even in the home. The courses not only add to the student's knowledge of plant and animal life, but methods are studied for presenting this knowledge in an attractive and practical form to boys and girls.

In order to accommodate all who may wish to attend, there will be a Morning Workshop and two Evening Workshops, all under the competent direction of Miss Frances Sherburne of the Audubon educational staff. While the enrollments are limited, so that the needs of the individual student may be considered, a minimum of ten students is desired to assure the continuance of any of the workshop courses.

The fee is \$7.50 for each course payable in advance or at the first meeting.

MORNING WORKSHOP

The dates of this Workshop have been set ahead this season so that the course will be completed by mid-May. The first five meetings will be held at Audubon House and the last five will be field trips in the Boston area.

Tuesdays, March 11 through April 8

10:00-11:30 A.M., at Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston

Tuesdays, April 15 through May 13

10:00 A.M.-12:30 or 1:00 P.M. Field trips in the vicinity of Boston.

ELEMENTARY WORKSHOP

For students with little or no knowledge of the out-of-doors or of teaching methods. There will be seven indoor meetings and three field trips.

Tuesday Evenings, April 1 through May 13

7:30-9:00 P.M., at Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston

Saturday Field Trips, April 5, May 3, May 17

Mornings or afternoons to suit the convenience of the students.

INTERMEDIATE WORKSHOP

For those who have attended previous Workshops or who already have some knowledge of the out-of-doors or of teaching methods but wish further or special instruction. The course includes five indoor meetings and five field trips.

Thursday Evenings, March 20, April 3, April 17, May 1, May 15

7:30-9:00 P.M., at Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston

Saturday Field Trips, March 29, April 12, April 26, May 10, May 24

Hours to suit the convenience of the students

Registration: Preferably in advance, by mail or telephone KEnmore 6-4895

Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Meeting of Hoffmann Bird Club, first day of every month, 8:00 P. M.

Science Club for High School Students. Mondays and Tuesdays, 7:30 P. M.

Annual Winter Members' Night. February 8, 7:30 P. M.

March 4 through March 31. Exhibition of photographs by the late Edwin H. Lincoln.

Notes from Our Sanctuaries

COOK'S CANYON. A Christmas shopping trip to Worcester unexpectedly produced the outstanding bird of the month. A couple of miles from the Sanctuary, where the road runs along by the Ware River, our attention was arrested by a large bird flying near by. We stopped quickly and for several minutes had an unsurpassed view of a mature Bald Eagle as he soared, much of the time parallel with the road, his black body highlighted by white head and tail gleaming in the sun against an almost cloudless sky of azure blue. For sheer beauty the bird indeed deserves the protection which our Massachusetts laws accord him!

The very next morning, which was Sunday, the telephone rang during breakfast, and a quick trip to the feeding station of the Tappans brought the rewarding sight of a Saw-whet Owl perched outside the window beneath an arbor. It seemed a friendly, inquisitive creature and permitted us to have an excellent view.

The prospect of taking an intensive Christmas census at the Sanctuary vanished when the Director developed pneumonia Christmas afternoon.

Somewhat earlier in the month, work had begun on clearing many of the red pines from the moist area to the south of the new entrance road. In the spring it is planned to replace these trees along the borders of the brook with such deciduous shrubs and trees as will be most attractive to birds in this area. Willow, high-bush blueberry, winterberry, arrowwood, and several of the other viburnums should in time provide, not only food, but also nesting cover for thicket-nesting birds. A large part of the area will be left to high grass, and poles have already been set to provide homes for Tree Swallows.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

PROCTOR SANCTUARY. The two snowstorms of December brought the hungry horde of Evening Grosbeaks to our feeders. In spite of their constant and loud chirping, their bad manners and greedy appetites, we welcome them. Their gay plumage and *joie de vivre* brightens the dullest winter day. With them feed the Juncos, several White-throated Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, Goldfinches, Chickadees, Cedar Waxwings, and many Purple Finches. The woodpeckers and nuthatches have not come to the Sanctuary feeders as yet.

During the Christmas Bird Count we found a Wilson's Snipe, a Sharp-shinned and a Broad-winged Hawk, and a Northern Shrike. As many as twelve Ruffed Grouse have been seen in the Bradstreet blueberry pasture, and in the same area two Winter Wrens have been seen during the month.

The winter months offer a fine opportunity to enjoy and identify the many trees and shrubs which grow at the Sanctuary. Their trunks and the manner of growth of their boughs and smaller branches, which in summer blend into a general mass of green foliage, are at this season more prominent and more easily studied. A large planting of bladdernut, *Staphylea trifolia*, is covered with many hundreds of leathery pods which rattle in the wind. Just below the house and down the lane there are three splendid specimens of American linden, or basswood, *Tilia americana*. Near the river a little grove of American plane trees, *Platanus occidentalis*, with their interesting mottled bark ("peely-barks," the boys call them) are favorite perching places for the Purple Finches. There are several tulip trees, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, growing here, well over sixty feet high. Their conical fruits remind one of candles, a central stem remaining erect as the winged seeds begin to fall, like the un-

burned wick of a taper, and they persist through the winter, creating a pretty picture against the blue sky or white clouds.

A pair of Beavers have been working in Pye Brook Swamp in Topsfield, about two miles from the Sanctuary. They have cut down poplars up to ten inches in diameter. Probably the winter has interrupted their work, but it will be interesting to watch their progress. Up to this writing I have not been able to trace their origin, but we should like to have them migrate down Pye Brook into Mile Brook, which flows through the Sanctuary, and settle here.

Several years ago in an issue of *Appalachia* Francis H. Allen, a director of our Society, wrote a delightful little article on the "Pleasure of River Skating." Not every winter is it safe for us to enjoy this sport on the river itself, but the shallow water of the flooded marsh and the river meadows often freezes solidly and then one can skate for long distances. It is a pleasant way to explore some of the wilder areas of the Sanctuary and to scare up birds one might not otherwise see from the uplands. Once I flushed a Great Blue Heron, that lone old fisherman of the river, hunched in the tall dead grasses.

For those who like to snowshoe or ski cross-country, the Sanctuary trails are ideal, and there is often "good birding." ELMER P. FOYE

ARCADIA. While a "Spring Peeper" peeped on December 7 and a bee buzzed on the 8th, let no one assume that December at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary was anything but a normal one. Before the month ended we shivered with an 18 degrees below zero one morning, and a warmer 16 below on another. We had snow, we had sleet, we had rain, we had more snow, and more snow. We had a New England winter all packed into the last three weeks of the month. And don't let us hear a sound from the chimney corner to the effect that "winters ain't what they used to be!"

The Schaeffer bird feeder installed at Arcadia has been loaded with birds. Redesigned slightly, the one here has a "T" piece above the top tray, from which hangs a peanut butter log on one side and a small trough feeder on the other which holds a good half pound of peanut butter. Both trays were treated by Morris Frary, of Easthampton, with the undercoating material which is sprayed on the chassis of automobiles. This permanently weatherproofs the steel, but, more important, it protects the feet of the birds during real cold weather. Moose Hill seed mixture is kept on the bottom tray, while sunflower seed is the attraction on the top one. Since this feeder was installed, Evening Grosbeaks have made a daily appearance, the flock reaching twenty-five much of the month.

The wing-mark of the Shaub Station on Elm Street, Northampton, has been observed quite frequently. This is an "S" in a circle, imprinted in red on the white wing-patch with a rubber stamp. It is astounding how easy it is to observe this wing-mark and how difficult by comparison it is to find the regular numbered aluminum leg band and the gold band which denotes this region, especially on cold days when the birds squat down and the tarsus is hidden by the body feathers. Many local telephone calls received at the Sanctuary have pointed up this fact as the Shaub's Evening Grosbeaks have spread out into surrounding communities. The farthest report received to date was on a post card from S. R. Johnson, of Worcester. Other telephone calls received brought the news that a pair of Red-eyed Towhees was at the home of Mrs. C. P. Richardson, of Easthampton, and a well-colored specimen of one of the western Juncos was at Mrs. Leroy King's, in Northampton.

Lying by the side of the road on a snowbank, a female Wood Duck was found, recently dead, on December 21. Professor Eliot recalled seeing a wounded female Wood Duck on the Oxbow about a month earlier. A big scar at the bend of a wing told the story of a duck crippled during the hunting season. As long as there was open water, she managed to survive. As frost closed tight all water areas, she apparently starved to death. How many crippled ducks succumb to such a lingering death as the result of heartless, careless gunners attempting to bag birds when they are too high to be killed cleanly is never known. We do know this particular wounded female Wood Duck was not alone in this area, however. From Mrs. John Sessions, of Hadley, we learned that David Klimoski, of Hadley, was caring for a wounded Wood Duck. David's bird escaped and was found by Mrs. Sessions but is now again under the care of David Klimoski. We hope this bird is in sufficiently good shape to be released in the spring. On the basis of the small numbers of Wood Ducks observed this past fall, and after the species has been subjected to a long hunting season as they migrated from their nesting grounds to their wintering grounds, we have an uneasy feeling that Wood Ducks are going to be mighty scarce come spring.

Davis Crompton made the Christmas Census for us this year. In the estimated one per cent of marsh still unfrozen he found a couple of Black Ducks. About the only other species you would not expect to find was a lone Bronzed Grackle. We did have two White-throated Sparrows present during December, but only one was seen at the very end of the month. We were glad to find one Ruffed Grouse, but rather surprised that so few Pheasants appeared to be present (only five were found). This species has been wintering well on the Sanctuary since our multiflora rose hedge has been a heavy producer of fruit.

A Christmas present for Arcadia from Miss Marion DeRonde, of the Music Department of Smith College, was really a present to our Day Camp. It is a long-playing record of authentic American Indian songs by Nayay, who belongs to the Navajo Tribe in Arizona. The songs are sung to accompany dances and religious rites. The Arcadia Day Campers will be introduced to Nayay's songs during their rest periods — and, who knows, maybe they'll be inspired to dance the Harvest Dance as they learn of the ways of the Indian and his relationships with Nature.

EDWIN A. MASON

PLEASANT VALLEY. I can't help wondering what was the matter with those woolly bear caterpillars that were being studied at Bear Mountain Park. As weather prognosticators they seem to have come off a poor second to the Muskrats which, according to local report, built up their houses in preparation for a severe winter. Be that as it may, we have had lots of snow and cold thus far this winter.

Pine Grosbeaks have been here in ever-increasing numbers, with one flock of twenty-two seen on December 13 climaxing a week of regular visits. In my experience at least, there seems to be a much larger proportion of adult males in these flocks. They are truly magnificent birds — breath-taking in their beauty. Fuertes's plate in the *Birds of Massachusetts* does true justice to their lovely coloration without a bit of exaggeration. They have a sweet liquid note, too, which is often uttered in flight or from the tiptop of the maple tree out front. Thus far we have never succeeded in getting the Pine Gros-

beaks to come to the feeders. Three years ago they came within about ten feet of the house, on one occasion only, and at that time seemed to be picking at wind-blown seeds from our porch feeders. Ernest Harold Baynes, in his book *Wild Bird Guests*, tells of having fed large flocks of them and of having his window box filled with them at various times. The seed of the hemp he lists as being a very good food. If any of our readers have had luck feeding these "tame" wilderness birds, I should appreciate hearing about it and should also like to know what food attracted them.

Another winter resident that we have failed to attract is the Brown Creeper. I have watched one work the trunk of the tree and go right around the suet feeder. Miss Frances Brierley, of Adams, reports that she has had creepers eat a peanut butter cake which she makes by mixing the butter with bread crumbs and Moose Hill Bird Food Mixture.

I think I have at last hit on the ideal peanut butter feeder. It is simply a board about four inches square. Along either side a stick five-eighths of an inch square has been nailed. A semicircular board has been nailed to the top and bottom, and over the two side sticks a piece of half-inch mesh hardware cloth has been permanently stapled. The peanut butter is smeared on this till it fills up the space between the wire and the wood. It is then hung on the side of the house or on a tree. The advantage of this feeder is that the Blue Jays and squirrels cannot make off with the butter in large chunks. I have found that a jay can pick out all the butter from an inch-round hole in a peanut butter stick with a single peck. This never happens with a feeder of the type just mentioned.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

MOOSE HILL. Merely to cite the Chickadee as one of a number of winter birds present about the Sanctuary might at first quick thought appear to be trite and unnewsworthy comment. Chickadees around? Certainly, they're always around! Even so, we wish to report that during the past month the Chickadees have been with us in quantity.

Massachusetts has honored the Black-capped Chickadee by choosing it as the official State Bird — first in the hearts of the people of the Commonwealth. The choice is fully justified. For where else but to the Black-capped Chickadee could one go to find capsule in a single feathered form such a wealth of virtues: excellent grooming, spirited animation, and sociable disposition — all surcharged with an aplomb that endears him to birders of every rank and file and which captivates even the affections of the ornithologically uninitiated. These sterling qualities of the Chickadee appear most manifest when the weather is the roughest. Whatever the variant and unpredictable mood of the winter's day — blustery winds, snow squalls, or biting temperatures — Nature in her most disagreeable humor can erect no meteorological barriers to the infectious buoyancy of the Bay State bird. Moreover, when we witness his jack-a-dandy antics on a pine cone overhead or on a peanut butter stick we cannot deny him that greatest defense against adversities in life — a sense of humor. Add to this treasury of talent, if more were possible, the gift of song and there is left little room to wonder why our many visitors to Moose Hill, and we, too, find in this familiar habitué of our back yards and woodlands, not only an untiring source of pleasure and enjoyment, but a living symbol of the kinship inspired by interest and devotion to a common cause. And so to our understanding fellow folk we repeat without apology: We've been having lots of Chickadees about the place and enjoying them immensely! If you haven't had any, c'mon up the Hill and we'll gladly share our loves!

Evening Grosbeaks in small numbers continued their generous acceptance of sunflower seeds, but their appearances were very sporadic and not all visitors were successful in seeing them. However, telephone calls from the area attested to the relatively widespread distribution of this handsome seed-eater during the current month. Their transitory habits are indicated by their frequenting the feeders for two or three consecutive mornings and then absenting themselves for an even longer period of time. On several occasions groups of three to six Pine Grosbeaks were observed feasting placidly on the crab apples near the barn. This brings to mind the report received from a staff member of the Arnold Arboretum calling attention to the tea crab, *Malus hupehensis*, an introduction of plant-hunter Ernest Wilson, as a special favorite of the Pine Grosbeak in that area. Purple Finches and Goldfinches visited the stations in about equal numbers. Among the former the duller-plumaged immatures and females of the species always appreciably outnumbered the crimson-clad males.

In addition to the contingent of Mourning Doves that reported regularly at the feeders, a lone Robin and an individual Song Sparrow were repeatedly seen about the grounds. From previous experiences it would seem safe to assume that the smaller bird will successfully "ride out" the rigors of the winter, but the sight of a Robin hopping gingerly on the encrusted snow didn't arouse warm hopes as to his welfare in the weeks immediately ahead.

Ruffed Grouse were frequently seen near the residence, and on one occasion an adventuresome individual, alarmed by the alien sounds of the car as it was being backed out of the garage, retreated hastily through the open doors for more hospitable quarters. Briefly considered was the feasibility of leaving the doors ajar and parking the car outside, but upon further thought it seemed a wiser plan to revise next spring's planting program so as to include proper food and cover plants for any future grouse harassed by inadequate parking facilities in the garage area. The only local report of Snow Buntings came from C. Russell Mason, who spotted a flock of fifty on the 28th a short distance from the Sanctuary boundaries.

During the Christmas vacation many of the more hardy element of our Sanctuary visitors chose the Evergreen Trail as their observation route. This trail probably offers tree-conscious hikers the best opportunity on Moose Hill for observing a variety of both native and introduced evergreens. By the end of the month the foliage display of the deciduous trees in the Sanctuary was confined to the few tattered and tawny remnants that clung with characteristic tenacity to the lower branches of oaks and beeches. At the time of year when both plant and animal life was fast approaching its most quiescent stage, it seemed only natural that the affections of many should gravitate toward the compensating color and warmth of the conifers. The interesting needle arrangements, cones, and general habits of the various pines, spruce, hemlocks, and other cone-bearers made the Evergreen Trail venture a most pleasant and profitable one. After a snowfall the beauty of the laden boughs was inescapable. And if during the outing any of the party members suffered unduly from exposure, there were logs crackling in the Museum fireplace to restore vigor to numbed fingers and toes.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

Which Sanctuaries Have YOU Visited?

Full-Time Director at Proctor Appointed

Since the Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary was acquired in March, 1951, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer P. Foye, of Topsfield, have been looking after the property for the Society while they occupied the house and Mr. Foye gave as much time to the work as his regular position in the Financial Department of the General Electric Company would permit. Beginning February 1, Mr. Foye will be full-time Director of the Sanctuary and will be ready to carry on an even more active program, as well as greet the throngs of visitors at the Sanctuary during the spring flowering and May migration season.

Mr. Foye has roamed over and enjoyed the Proctor property at all seasons during his thirteen years of residence in Topsfield. He was educated in the Salem, Massachusetts, public schools, and his work until recently has been in Savings Banking. He has been very active in the Boy Scout movement in Essex County, where he frequently has had opportunity for real service in the nature study and conservation field. He is also active in the Appalachian Mountain Club, particularly in connection with field trips, and has long been a member of the Essex County Ornithological Club.

Mr. Foye's hobbies include photography, canoeing, and Indian archaeology, so that he brings to his work as Director of the Proctor Sanctuary a wide range of natural history and outdoor interests and a thorough knowledge of the local flora and fauna. Mrs. Foye is an artist with a deep interest in the natural sciences and has been largely responsible for the attractive signs directing people to the Sanctuary and along its trails. The Foyes have two children who have already found much to do in connection with the wildlife at Proctor Sanctuary.

Audubon Field Trips

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17. Trip to South Shore to Manomet Point. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A. M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P. M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$2.75. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, February 15. Leaders: Sibley Higginbotham, Mrs. Ruth P. Emery.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30. Trip to Sudbury Valley. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A. M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P. M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$2.75. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, March 28. Leaders: Allen Morgan, Davis Crompton, C. Russell Mason, and Miss Carol Parker.

Brookline Bird Club Trips

Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

February 2, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Mr. Little, WAltham 5-4295-J.

Afternoon, Nahant. Miss Riggs, UNiversity 4-4229.

February 9, all day. Ipswich and Dunes. Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Afternoon, Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary. Mr. Kelly, LYnn 2-9024.

February 16, all day. Newburyport and Vicinity. Mr. Beattie, ELiot 4-6592. Afternoon, Devereux and Marblehead Neck. Miss Lawson, CAPitol 7-5618.

Trips for remainder of February to be announced. Call Audubon House, KENmore 6-4895.

Evening Courses in Bird Identification

To meet a popular and growing demand for instruction in bird identification, the Massachusetts Audubon Society again offers the following evening courses at Audubon House, the classes to be conducted by Miss Katharine Tousey of the Audubon teaching staff.

ELEMENTARY COURSE. February 20, 27, March 5, 12, and 19. All-day field trip, March 9. Early morning trip, May 1. All-day May trip, date to be announced.

ADVANCED COURSE. March 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23. All-day field trip, April 6. Early morning trip, May 2. All-day May trip, date to be announced. This course will consider especially the subject of Bird Song, and the field trips will be planned to hear the spring songs of Upland Plover, Woodcock, and Snipe, as well as the warbler and other bird songs.

The classes for both courses will meet from 7:30 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. The fee for either course is \$5.00, and enrollment in each group will be limited to twenty students. Registrations are now being received for both courses.

News of Bird Clubs

On Monday evening, February 18, C. Russell Mason, Executive Director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, will present an illustrated talk at a meeting of the **ALLEN BIRD CLUB OF SPRINGFIELD**, to be held at the Museum of Natural History, on the subject "Planting to Attract Birds."

In connection with the Sinclair Bird Festival, the **FORBUSH BIRD CLUB OF WORCESTER** announces the showing of "Trails for the Millions" by Allan Cruickshank, on Friday evening, February 8, at Horticultural Hall, Worcester. At the regular meeting of the Club on Thursday evening, February 21, Davis H. Crompton, Field Research Agent for the Massachusetts Audubon Society, will speak on "Texas Birding."

The **HARTFORD (CONN.) BIRD STUDY CLUB** will feature a general discussion on "Recent Bird Books" at its regular Tuesday evening meeting on February 12, with Theodore Beach, Mrs. R. Mackesson, and Mrs. A. D. Spring leading the discussion. "Birds in Astronomy" will be the topic of a talk by Miss Carrie C. Bangs at the meeting of the Club on Tuesday evening, February 26, and an all-day Field Trip at the Shore is scheduled for Saturday, February 22, to be led by Fred T. Bashour.

Miss Dorothy E. Snyder, Curator of Science at the Peabody Museum, Salem, has been elected to honorary membership in the **HOFFMANN BIRD CLUB OF PITTSFIELD**. Miss Snyder will speak on "Birding in Texas" at the meeting of the Club to be held February 1 at the Berkshire Museum. For five years she was an active member of the Club, and during her stay in Berkshire County she contributed many notable bird records, including a number of species new to the area.

The **SOUTH SHORE BIRD CLUB** has scheduled a Field Trip to Essex County on Sunday, February 10. This will be an all-day trip and will leave from the rear of Adams Academy, Quincy, at 7:30 A. M. The Club will hold its annual meeting at the Quincy Public Library on Friday evening, March 7, when Arthur W. Argue will present his color film "Cape Breton and the Gaspé."

Members Night will be observed by **THE WATERBURY (CONN.) NATURALIST CLUB** on Tuesday evening, February 5. A feature of this meeting will be a report by Sam Lincoln on his sojourn at the Audubon Nature Camp in Maine in the summer of 1951. The Club has scheduled a week end trip on February 9 and 10 to The Ark, Jaffrey, New Hampshire, to enjoy winter hiking and delicious food at this mountain inn. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Rood are in charge of this outing.

HAVE YOU TRIED PECANO?

Audubon House has imported from the South a few hundred pounds of PECANO, the chopped pecan meats so relished by the birds because of their high nutritive value. See our Bird Food advertisement in this issue of the *Bulletin* and place your order promptly for PECANO while our supply lasts.

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

MEXICAN BIRDS. First Impressions based upon an ornithological expedition to Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila. With an Appendix briefly describing all Mexican birds. By George Miksch Sutton. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. June 18, 1951. vii, 282 pages, 16 color plates, 65 pen-and-ink drawings (by Sutton). \$10.00.

I am delighted to have been asked to review this long-awaited book! It more than fulfills all hopes and expectations and should add new laurels to the author's already distinguished name. While scarcely mentioned in the text, few readers would know that Dr. Sutton's numerous expeditions to Mexico have been followed by excellent ornithological reports and shorter notes teeming with interesting information and additions to knowledge. Many of us have seen his beautiful field color sketches at A. O. U. meetings and exhibits, and it is the height of good fortune that means have been found to reproduce some of them so excellently in color.

The principal object of the book is to describe to the reader the sensations and impressions of the highly skilled, experienced, and trained ornithologist who enters Mexico for the first time and motors south into the States of Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas (the humid tropical zone), and finally the high mountains of Coahuila. This was the route followed by the John B. Semple expedition with Thomas D. Burleigh as companion.

The author, with due ornithological or scientific restraint, has happily let himself go. There are really fine bits of descriptive writing concerning the various life zones visited and the new and unfamiliar birds encountered in each, until finally the overwhelming variety and abundance of the pure tropical zone is reached, with its almost invariable accompaniment of a terrible plague of jiggers and ticks. We catch the explorer's infectious enthusiasm of his longing to see new unfamiliar birds, known chiefly from books and specimens. Actually one important point is brought out, emphasized over and over again in Dr. Sutton's earlier articles. One has to go a good way south into Mexico before one reaches a fauna where most of the birds are strange and unfamiliar. Otherwise the fauna is primarily that of the southwestern United States, and the chief thrill Dr. Sutton got in his first "new" birds was because he had never happened to visit the lower Rio Grande Valley in Texas.

Our artist-author has another great gift in writing. The reader is not required to

have a wide knowledge of United States birds to follow him with interest. Each new bird is introduced with a brief but felicitously worded descriptive paragraph, often illustrated with a superb pen-and-ink drawing showing the posture, shape, and pattern of coloring, so that the unfamiliar reader can readily acquire a good mental image. Great care has been taken in selecting English or common names.

The Appendix (pages 187-257) gives a brief review of most Mexican species of birds, with again a brief but often brilliant description of their color characters and range. Text figures again help in acquiring a mental image, particularly of unfamiliar genera, and especially of the confusing welter of genera in oven-birds and tropical flycatchers. We learn that the author has been in Vera Cruz, Puebla, and Michoacan in several radically different faunas.

Dr. Sutton speaks kindly of two papers in which I had some share, particularly Part I of the new *Check-List of Mexican Birds*. I can now state that no colleague has been more kindly and helpful in criticism and advice than he has been. I take pleasure in presenting Dr. Sutton, already well known as an ornithologist and artist and as a fine writer, a rare combination of talents almost impossible to match.

LUDLOW GRISCOM

STALKING BIRDS WITH COLOR CAMERA. By Arthur A. Allen. Edited by Gilbert Grosvenor. National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. 1951. viii, 328 pages. 331 colored illustrations, 264 by Allen, others by Bailey, Grimes, Harrison, Walker, and Zahl. Also 93 black and white photos, maps, and text figures from various sources. \$7.50.

This extraordinarily decorative book is the outcome of a wise and long-range policy. Dr. Allen, famous as an ornithologist and a great bird photographer, wished to photograph in color as many North American birds as possible. The National Geographic Society encouraged Dr. Allen and has substantially aided him financially, defraying the cost of some of his most expensive and longest field trips. We note in passing that Dr. Alexander Wetmore, long on the Board of Trustees, has been for some time Vice-Chairman of the Research Committee. As Dr. Grosvenor says in the foreword, public interest in birds has more than justified the "tremendous labor" involved. Many discoveries of scientific interest have ensued, as, for example, how drumming grouse produce their sound; the first trogon's nest in

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

Arizona; the far-famed discovery of the Bristle-thighed Curlew's nest in Alaska.

The result is a color plate of each of 266 North American species, each in its natural habitat, of which 264 were made by Dr. Allen. This is a new kind of "life list" which should long remain unrivaled. The text and many of these pictures have already appeared in back numbers of the *National Geographic Magazine*. But readers must not imagine that this book contains nothing new; actually seventy-two color plates never before published are included, plus many black and white photographs. The text is in part rewritten, and I call special attention to Chapters 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 as being particularly informative in the general biology of birds, containing several "discoveries" of Dr. Allen's not listed above in the more sensational category. A concluding chapter, by H. E. Edgerton, R. J. Niedrach, and W. Van Riper, is on "Freezing the Flight of Hummingbirds," and other "flash flight," or "stroboscopic," photographs are interlarded in the text.

We have here a superb book, which all bird-lovers should own. Indeed it is hard to believe that the text and all the pictures would not be enjoyed by the general public who know nothing about birds and care less. Its remarkably low cost should insure an enormous sale. It is a fine tribute to the farsightedness of the National Geographic Society and to the genius and persistence of Dr. Allen and his many friends and admirers.

LUDLOW GRISCOM

HOW TO KNOW THE AMERICAN MAMMALS. By Ivan T. Sanderson. With 183 illustrations and ten pages of tracks by the Author. A Mentor Book, published by The New American Library, New York. 1951. 170 pages. 35 cents.

This is the fourth of a series of Mentor Books devoted to popularizing the study of natural history, the preceding issues including Birds by Peterson, Wild Flowers by Stefferud, and Stars by Bernhard, Bennett, and Rice. All are well written and profusely illustrated, and (of importance in these days) very inexpensive. We recommend them highly to the beginner in nature study.

The present volume, of handy pocket size and with stiff water-resistant covers, starts out with short chapters on "What are the Mammals?" and "Where are the Mammals?" Then follow the descriptions of the mammals, including line drawings of about 180 species, from bats to whales. The last chapter is entitled "The New-

comers" and embraces the species introduced by Man to the New World, from cats to rats. These descriptions are terse but clear and readable, and they usually include notes on the feeding habits and family life of the mammals, and other items of interest. Sanderson's style is entertaining, as witness these phrases from his treatment of the moles: ". . . bodies shaped not unlike Idaho potatoes . . . The hind legs . . . work vertically, pushing the body forward as the paddle does a stern-wheel riverboat. The tail is sensitive and used as a feeler to warn of nasty things behind, and aid in traveling backwards along tunnels."

JOHN B. MAY

NORTH WITH THE SPRING. By Edwin Way Teale. Photographs by the Author. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1951. 366 pages. \$5.00

"North with the Spring!" How that intriguing title stimulates our wanderlust and stirs our memories!

Who was the nature writer that described the travels of the man who followed the ripening strawberries from the southern tip of Florida to the Evangeline country of Nova Scotia, moving along northward in leisurely fashion and feasting as he went? In different manner and over a period of years I have watched the flowering dogwood slowly expanding in the underwood, from its first maturing in northern Florida in February, its profusion near Atlanta in late March, its brightening of the Shenandoah Valley in April, its climax at Valley Forge, and its tapering off in May in the Blue Hills of Massachusetts.

This book is the log of a seventeen-thousand-mile trek following the pageant of spring northward. Edwin Way Teale is a naturalist of wide interests, a fine photographer, and a writer of charming prose, and this trip was the fruition of years of planning. The zigzag journey "hit the high spots," starting on St. Valentine's Day only a hundred miles from the true Tropics and culminating atop of Mt. Washington with its Labradorean conditions at the time of the summer solstice. This is a book which will appeal strongly to all lovers of our great Outdoors, for very little of interest misses the eyes of the author and his wife, be it birds or beasts, flowers or ferns, insects, reptiles, even fish, the stars at night or the clouds by day.

Lucky indeed is the traveler for whom, as Henry Van Dyke says, "the journey itself is a part of the destination," and lucky the stay-at-home traveler who can read books like *North with the Spring*.

JOHN B. MAY

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

AS FAR AS THE YUKON. By Florence Page Jaques. Illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1951. 243 pages. \$4.00.

This is another of the excellent Jaques collaborations, a finely illustrated travel book for the outdoor-minded.

Walter Prichard Eaton wrote a delightful essay on "The Landscape that Rolls," nature as viewed from the train windows, and Florence and Lee Jaques did most of their traveling by train, with frequent stops of varying duration at points of especial interest. Mrs. Jaques was "collecting" wild flower gardens, from the Texas yuccas to the heather and bluebells of the high Yukon region. The first sentence tells the story in capsule form, "We went to the Yukon by way of Texas because we were looking for a country place near New York." And this roundabout course took them southwest across Texas to southern California, north through the Redwood Empire to the rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula, by boat through the spectacular Inside Passage to Skagway, by narrow gauge railroad to Whitehorse, and then the Yukon River cruise by stern-wheel steamer to Dawson and return. Back at Vancouver they made a side trip to the gorges of the Fraser River and then traveled through Kicking Horse Pass to Lake Louise and Banff en route to the Delta Marsh in Manitoba. And their last stop was in their familiar and well-beloved wilderness on the borderland of Minnesota and Ontario, the locale of their earlier books, *Canoe Country* and *Snowshoe Country*, the latter the book which won for them the coveted John Burroughs Medal in 1946.

Though Mrs. Jaques insists she was primarily interested in the native flora, the book is filled with glimpses of other life, from Road-runners to Tufted Puffins, from Jack Rabbits of the desert to Mountain Goats and Flying Squirrels. And the illustrations are typical Jaques pen-and-inks, in which medium the artist is a master at depicting rugged scenery and its interesting denizens.

JOHN B. MAY

THE BIRDS ARE YOURS. By Robert S. Lemmon and Don Eckelberry. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1951. 121 pages. \$2.25.

Gathered together in this little book are some intimate glimpses into the lives of our everyday birds, written in informal style by the managing editor of *The Home Garden* and well illustrated with black-and-white drawings by Don Eckelberry, who provided the color plates for the

Audubon Bird Guides.

The book will be especially appealing to young people and those beginning bird study, although even the old-timer will pick up bits of authentic information. Many questions that are frequently brought up in group meetings are answered here—briefly, to be sure, but encouraging one to delve further into the study of bird behavior. The return of birds to the old nesting site, mating for life, how long birds live, how much birds eat, why they sing, bird camouflage, and two score other phases of avian activity are explained, so far as our present knowledge of the field permits.

Attractive chapter headings such as "Water off a Duck's Back," "Living Incubators," "The Flying Patrol," "On Whistling Wings," "Time to Change Clothes," "Gentlemen First," and "Speed Demons" make one want to investigate their contents. It is a desirable book to present to a friend to stimulate interest in more detailed study of birds.

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From Our Correspondence

Clouds of Starlings

"Every morning for the last month, ten minutes before sunrise, 10,000 to 15,000 English Starlings fly west at the corner of Beacon and Commonwealth Ave., Brookline Ave., Boston.

"On a west wind they fly low — the height of the third stories of buildings, on an east or northwest wind they fly higher going west. Probably out to chicken farms, piggeries, and stable yards.

"They go in flocks of ten to one hundred, to one thousand, and some to five thousand. They return fifteen to twenty minutes before sunset in smaller groups — a half mile high or more on west winds.

"I believe they camp out in buildings and trees in Boston — Granary graveyard, King's Chapel, and where they are protected from winds. Today — December 20th — 10,000 to 15,000 went by low (west wind).

"Other birds are sea gulls on the Charles and cormorants (a few) Jamaica Pond."

WILLIAM S. WARNER

Squatters!

"For some five years we have had a wren house in a small elm near the edge of the woods, about ten feet above the ground. Each spring I have cleaned it out and each year have discovered the softest downy nest of feathers, milkweed silk, cotton, rags, twigs, leaves, and goodness knows what else, containing one or two well-preserved corpses of sleek little mice. This year, for the first time, Her Ladyship *was not a corpse*. When I climbed up and turned the buttons on the bottom and was about to drop the nest out, she appeared at the doorway, squeaked, sailed past me and down the trunk of the tree. I felt rather cruel and mean, but I cleaned things out for Jenny Wren anyway, wondering how many field mice do spend the winter in wren or other bird houses or hollows in trees. Have we a special house, an unusual tree, or just eccentric mice?"

LAWRENCE B. ROMAINE

Wood Duck Neighbors

"One of the thrills of a bird lover was mine last spring. Our winter home is in Fall River but as early in spring as possible we go to our Camp on the east shore of Long Pond in Lakeville for week ends. On the week end of April 19 we were awakened by a pair of Wood Ducks talking things over on the chimney of the next house. On subsequent week ends we often saw the female, sometimes the pair, fly in from the lake at dusk. As there is an old dead oak behind the house we decided she must be

nesting in it. We saw her light on the hemlock near, stay for a while, and then disappear into the oak. As the middle of June approached we saw fuzzy litter outside the hole and some eggshells on the ground. The early morning of June 26, the young naturalist next door called me to see the mother duck sitting in the hemlock and one rather large duckling on the ground. Mother Duck was chattering away when we looked down to see three more babies following the first one. As we watched, three more babies dropped to the ground with soft plops. Their broad webbed feet looked and acted like rubber; this with their light weight and the soft earth on which they landed made them safe for a fall of fifty feet. They were a bit groggy for seconds only, and then joined the other four. Mother was now much excited, circled three times above our heads, came down and headed the little procession which immediately formed behind her. Instead of heading for the water as we expected, she took her brood to the woods. We did not follow her as we did not wish to disturb her, but some twenty minutes later our young friend, who had gone down to the water, came running to tell me that the ducks were all in the water. I wish I could have seen them going down the steep rocky bank. Now they were taking swimming lessons, two at a time. They followed their mother a short distance then jumped up on her back. She allowed them to stay for a few minutes then raised herself out of the water and shook her wings. Back into the water they went, right side up. After all had had their lesson, they lined up behind her and started across the lake. We feared for them on their mile-long journey, as we know there are snapping turtles near the other shore. However, we sent up a little prayer for their safety."

ANNA A. HART

"Bulletin" Stimulates Interest

"You will never know how much I have enjoyed the "Bulletin." The monthly magazine certainly reveals many hours of painstaking work for your readers. The Editorial Staff and Contributing Editors should be congratulated for their wonderful way in making us all become more interested *every month* in our lovely New England birds."

ELEANOR B. CABOT

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Add A Member,
Think How We'd GROW!**

From Our Correspondence (Continued)

An Amusing Observation

"On December 17 I had nine Cowbird visitors (eight male and one female). They were feeding with Starlings and English Sparrows but came into the yard in a flock by themselves. I was amused to see the reaction of the Sparrows. They were not at all friendly and spent their time grabbing the Cowbirds by the tail feathers and pulling them away from the seed which I had scattered on the ground. I have seen cats and dogs pull each other's tails but I didn't know birds went in for this type of entertainment. It was most amusing to watch this strange action. Birds are fun."

LOUISE D. HATCH

Bird Life by the Charles River

"As a visitor here for a few months from old England, I have been much interested to observe such a variety of wild birds in this great city. On many mornings between 8:30 and 10:00 a.m. I have had the pleasure of walking along the south bank of the River Charles from the Boston Orchestra Shell to the Anderson Bridge. In October, although the Robins, swallows and other birds observed in the summer here as in Canada had departed, I was constantly delighted to see unexpected residents. Besides the no doubt normal numbers of sparrows, Starlings, sea-gulls large and small, pigeons, ducks, Blue Jays, and Crows, apparently oblivious of the unceasing rush of traffic on the road, the following were to be seen: A cormorant four times, once sitting on a post on the bank where I was able to get quite close to it, on the other occasions fishing; a heron in flight; a hawk which shyly dodged ahead every time I walked up among the trees; titmice [Chickadees] on 16th and 19th (Coal-tits as we would call them in England); a Kingfisher by the Western Avenue Bridge; a female Downy Woodpecker; a Song Sparrow singing very sweetly on a fallen tree by the new embankment work now in progress where the Fenway comes out into the river; a Yellow-legs which was quite unperturbed at being observed at close quarters as it foraged along the edge on 19th; more titmice, about six or seven of them, seen also up on Arlington Heights twice; and one evening at dusk on the Memorial Drive bank in the plane trees and taking wing across the river, an owl. Later, November 16th, a pair of Flickers near the Harvard Foot-bridge. In October also, in the warm sun butterflies continued in evidence with wonderful persistence, a few Whites, many Sulphurs, and your glorious Monarchs. These recent days with bitter cold have

no doubt held all in a normal icy December grip, but yesterday, December 22nd, on a tree by the water's edge near the Eliot Bridge (south side) was a hawk which leisurely took to flight on realizing it was observed. At midday today [December 23rd] in the warm sun close under the south bank on the Boston side of the River Street Bridge were shoals of fine big golden carp. They were perfectly clearly to be seen under the very thin crust of ice, while not 200 yards away a flock of sea-gulls stood hungrily in midstream peeping over the edge of the ice into the water."

T. L. M.

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Field Notes

Sixteen RED CROSSBILLS were observed in Vineyard Haven on November 18 by Miss Beatrice Butler. Miss Butler also writes that while driving through the outskirts of Oak Bluffs on December 21 she was forced to a sudden stop by the sight of an ALBINO SQUIRREL. The squirrel had a pure white body and the tail showed buff underneath with pale gray and white outer hairs. It did not seem to have the albino pink eyes.

Miss Miriam Dickey, of the Children's Museum, called to report three RED CROSSBILLS seen at the Arnold Arboretum with five PINE GROSBEAKS on December 8. The Children's Museum Bird Club has been finding many interesting birds on their walks around Jamaica Pond and in the Arboretum. On December 11 a EUROPEAN WIDGEON was seen on the pond, and five AMERICAN COOT and four HOODED MEGANSERS were there on December 13. In West Roxbury, on December 6, Miss Dickey noted eleven Pine Grosbeaks. A BARN OWL was seen roosting in Jamaica Plain near the Faulkner Hospital on November 30 by Harriet Latham.

Seven RUFFED GROUSE were seen together in Weston on December 22 by Charles L. Smith.

A CAPE MAY WARBLER was reported from Ware by Mr. and Mrs. L. Girard Albertine on December 8, when they watched the bird for fully five minutes as it enjoyed the bird bath.

Five BLUEBIRDS were seen by members of the Brookline Bird Club on their all-day trip to Ipswich on January 1.

Thomas Motley, of Milton, writes that at midday on December 29 he and Mrs. Motley watched for some time a CAROLINA WREN feeding only fifteen feet away on a piece of suet nailed to a tree just outside their library window.

Three REDPOLLs were observed by Miss B. A. Saunders at her home in Ipswich on December 15. Redpolls have also been reported from Ware by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Campbell, who saw twenty there on December 16 and twenty to thirty on December 30. Very few of this species have been reported this winter.

A very late record of a GREEN HERON was received from Miss Betty Atwood, of Westport Harbor, where she and Prescott Rogers observed the bird on January 6.

Dr. John B. May reports seeing 15 Black-crowned Night Herons near Derby Academy in Hingham on January 19.

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Field Notes

Davis H. Crompton is one of the few observers who regularly report mammals seen. His list for December includes a RED FOX at Arcadia Sanctuary, on December 23, and several observations of WHITE-TAILED DEER: one at Princeton on December 8, one at Sharon on the 10th, twelve at Dana on the 11th, and in Worcester on the 27th he saw deer tracks. Concerning the Worcester record, he writes: "Although deer are reported on the average of once a year within the city limits of Worcester, this is the first personal evidence I have had of their presence within the city lines."

We are glad to hear from Lester R. Spaulding, of Middleboro, that he has been having a covey of QUAIL come regularly to his feeding stations, three females and eight males in the group. They came when he was away from home, and on his return he wondered why his bird food had disappeared so completely, but in the morning the Quail arrived to solve the problem. Mr. Spaulding is also feeding a Chipping Sparrow that comes with the Tree, Song, and English Sparrows.

Mrs. E. E. Gross, of Lexington, tells us that among the flock of thirty to thirty-five Evening Grosbeaks visiting her feeders there is one albino individual. This bird has a little yellow around the back of the neck, and where the black normally appears on the wings the feathers are light brown. It is not a complete albino and does not have the pink eye. Mrs. Gross further reports that while putting food in the feeders one day an immature PINE SISKIN stayed right on the feeder and even permitted her to pick it up and look it over.

Robert Grayce reports seeing a late RED-EYED TOWHEE in Rockport on December 22 and an AMERICAN BITTERN there on December 25. Lee and Edward Tirrell report seeing three Towhees in Belmont on Christmas morning while delivering papers.

Wesley T. Perkins reports that a PINE WARBLER came to the feeding tray at his home in Beverly on December 10, 11, and 12.

A SNOWY OWL was seen in Belmont on December 20 by Karl Zerbe.

The male CARDINAL which has been reported several times in the last year from Milton is still present, and on Christmas Day Mrs. Samuel Pierce saw the bird in her garden. A female CARDINAL was seen on the Chester N. Greenough estate in Belmont on December 22 by Robert Grayce.

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David A. Aylward, former president of the National Wildlife Federation, now enjoying bird photography and bird visitors to his feeding stations in Peabody, has had unusual opportunity to see some scarce species this year. He reported to us a female Cardinal which he photographed in late November. Soon thereafter a visit by Henry Wiggin and Herbert Pratt to his feeding stations and those of the Thomas Swinarskis, his son-in-law and daughter living next door, revealed not only the Cardinal but a Dickcissel and a Chat, and this report resulted in a rush of bird-watchers to the feeding stations. The C. Russell Masons dropped in one morning to see these birds, and the species that greeted them on arrival was an Oregon Junco, which has been observed several times since. Other species frequenting the feeders are White-throated, Tree, Song, and Fox Sparrows, Evening Grosbeaks, Chickadees, woodpeckers, finches, and both White-breasted and Red-breasted Nuthatches.

A WESTERN PALM WARBLER was seen in Nahant on December 15 by members of the Brookline Bird Club.

The immature BULLOCK'S ORIOLE first reported at the feeders of Robert M. Clark in Florence on November 17 was still around on December 13. The bird feeds mostly on doughnuts.

William P. Wharton banded his forty-first Pine Grosbeak at Groton December 10.

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Window Feeders

Skylight Window Feeder	5.45
Storm Window Feeder	6.00
Bird Cafes, 16-inch	5.45
25-inch	6.95
Squirrel Proof Feeder, 16-inch	9.00
25-inch	12.00

Outdoor Revolving Feeders

Cape Cod Inn, painted	15.45
stained	11.95
Salt Box Inn	8.95
Garden Snackery	7.50

Metal Squirrel Foil

Chickadee Tidbits (box of 24)	1.25
Suet Cakes — square, 30c; oblong, 35c; wedge, 45c.	

10% discount to members,
on all Bird Restaurants

MOOSE HILL SPECIAL BIRD FOOD MIXTURE

Includes favorite seeds, nut meats for insect-feeding species and grit for digestion, blended in the right proportions to prove enticing to many species.

Moose Hill Special Bird Food Mixture has been developed through experiments conducted at our Moose Hill Sanctuary and the proportions of materials so worked out that the birds usually clean up the entire mixture rather than leave parts untouched.

5 lbs. 10 lbs. 25 lbs. 50 lbs. 100 lbs.
1.10 2.00 5.00 9.00 17.00

Peanut hearts, 5 lbs. 1.25

Sunflower Seed also available
5 lbs. 10 lbs. 25 lbs. 50 lbs. 100 lbs.
1.50 2.50 5.50 9.00 17.00

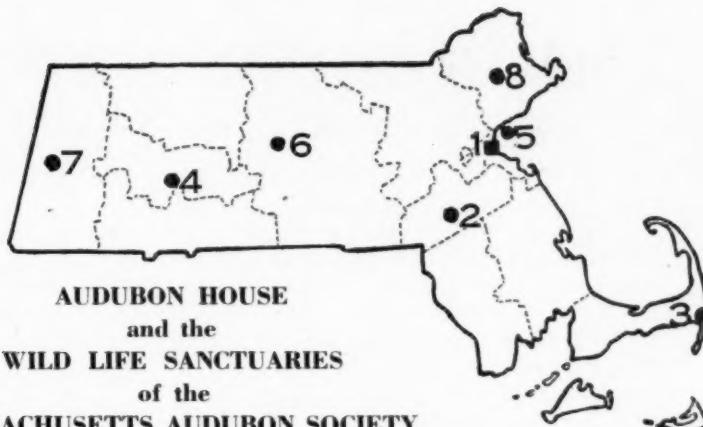
(This is small seed, but full of meat.)

5 to 25 lbs. shipped, postpaid, through
Zone 2

50 to 100 lb. lots, express collect.

10% discount to members.

Pecano Bird Feed (pecan nut meats)
in 5-lb., 10-lb., and 25-lb. bags,
25 cents per pound, no discount.



- 1. Audubon House, 155 Newbury St., Boston 16.**
Headquarters building. Offices. Salesroom. General information on educational work, lectures, membership, etc.
- 2. Moose Hill Sanctuary, Sharon.**
Established 1916. About 25 miles from Boston near Providence Pike. 250 acres mixed woodland. Small pond. Museum. Nature Trails. Albert W. Bussewitz, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Mrs. John S. Farlow, Jr., Chairman.
- 3. Tern Island Sanctuary, Chatham.**
Established 1936. 10 acres sand and beach grass. 3,000 nesting terns. Management, O. L. Austin Ornithological Research Station, North Eastham.
- 4. Arcadia Sanctuary, Northampton.**
Established 1944. 300 acres meadow, marsh, and woodland. Nature Trails. Memorial and experimental plantings. Studio workshop. Edwin A. Mason, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: David A. Riedel, Chairman.
- 5. Nahant Thicket Sanctuary, Nahant.**
Established 1948. 4 acres. On Atlantic Flyway. Hordes of migrating land birds in spring and fall. Trails. Advisory Committee: James T. Kelly, Chairman.
- 6. Cook's Canyon Sanctuary, Barre.**
Established 1948. 35 acres. Coniferous plantation. Small pond. Rocky gorge. Interesting trails. Site of Natural Science Workshop for leaders and resident and day camps for boys and girls. Leon A. P. Magee, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Mrs. James F. Nields, Jr., Chairman.
- 7. Pleasant Valley Sanctuary, Lenox.**
A "Bird and Wild Flower" Sanctuary since 1929. Typical Berkshire woodland and stream valley. Nature Trails. Trailside Museum. Beaver pond. Barn Tearoom in summer. Alvah W. Sanborn, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Robert Crane, Chairman.
- 8. Proctor-Brown Sanctuary, Topsfield.**
Established 1951. 2000 acres. On Ipswich River. Extensive marshland with islands. Great variety introduced trees and shrubs. Elmer P. Foye, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Ralph Lawson, Chairman.

*Further information about any of the above sanctuaries may be obtained from
Massachusetts Audubon Society.*

"CONSERVATION IN ACTION"

THE AUDUBON EDUCATION PROGRAM

Is Supported Largely

By Your Current Dues and Donations

400 Weekly or Biweekly Classes in Conservation and Natural Science in the Schools of Massachusetts, taught by our staff of sixteen trained and experienced teachers, reaching 10,000 boys and girls during the school year.

Demonstration Natural History Camps for Children at five of the seven Audubon Sanctuaries in Massachusetts.

Natural Science Workshop for Camp Counselors, Teachers, and other Youth Group Leaders. Two sessions each summer.

200 Lectures annually by members of the Audubon Staff to Garden Clubs, Women's Clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, School Biology Classes, and other groups.

Therapy Programs for Patients at several New England Hospitals.

Audubon Junior Clubs with 10,000 members in Schools, Museums, and Camps.

Local Bird Trips and Campouts for healthful recreation.

Circulars relating to Bird and Mammal Conservation distributed regularly to 7500 Youth Group Leaders throughout the Commonwealth.

Audubon Visual Aids furnished at small cost to Teachers and Lecturers.

The Audubon BULLETIN, an outstanding magazine in its field, published nine times a year. RECORDS OF NEW ENGLAND BIRDS monthly.

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Lending and Reference Libraries available to members.

***WE APPRECIATE YOUR CO-OPERATION IN
CARRYING ON THIS MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF
THE SOCIETY.***

Will you consider the desirability of making the Massachusetts Audubon Society a legatee under your will, or make such recommendation to your friends?